

The WAR CRY



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

The SALVATION ARMY

William Booth
Founder

in Canada East & Newfoundland

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Edward J. Higgins
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JAMES HAY, Commissioner



DO KNOW—AND LOST. TAKE YOUR PLACE

IN THE RANKS AGAIN!

A Word to
Backsliders

THE MENACE IN DRIFTING

God is
Calling You

moored in safety and peace.

There are times when such drifting away from the first enthusiasm and love is an unconscious process; because of this it is fraught with the greatest danger. Drifting in the night is most to be feared, and is not easily detected.

"There is a strong current to-day toward materialism, worldliness, selfishness, and a

S A RULE, backsliding is not a sudden, head-long rush from the pathway of duty. Generally it is a drifting process. One does not realize the extent of his drifting until he looks back to the place where once he was

disposition to attain success at any cost," declared J. Wilbur Chapman on one occasion. "To drift with such a current is at the cost of all that makes life's journey joyous and its end a coronation."

Are you a drifter? Was there a time when you had high ideals, holy ambitions, sincere faith, when your lips gladly framed prayers, your heart overflowed with songs?

THE TRANSFORMING TOUCH

WE WONDER if the tender, sympathetic heart is not indispensable to the transforming touch. We are all aware that it is God who transforms a vile sinner into an heir of glory; but God uses means. There are some folks who, with the very best intentions, seem to do a lot of mischief.

Do you remember how in "Oliver Twist," Dickens makes one of his characters, Rose Mayhew, in the sweetness of her pure girlhood, touch the soiled, warped soul of Nancy? Nancy burst into tears.

"Oh! lady, lady," she cried, clasping her hands passionately before her face, "if there were more like you, there would be fewer like me, there would, there would!"

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tian. Even those who have made a special study of such matters from the scientific angle, and who approach them without the least prejudice in favor of their acceptance, admit that a spiritual re-birth is possible. To them it is the taking of one's thoughts and affections from that which is base and low, and directing them toward that which is noble and lofty. To us it is brought about by a living faith in Christ, a faith that empowers us to become more like Him in nature.—C.D.W.

Next week: Reaching Forth.

Be strong by choosing wisely what to do; be strong by doing well what you have chosen.—Samuel Osgood.

Individual experience is always one-eyed. It takes more than one man to see anything in focus.

The morning of life lasts only until noon; work, therefore, and do not waste the best hours.

Bind together your spare hours by the cord of some definite purpose.—William M. Taylor.

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BULWARKS OF FAITH

No. 10—A Hopeful Note

Into a world of discord caused by sin, there broke a note of hopefulness with the advent of Jesus Christ. He came to show man the way to God, to reveal that he could be "born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God" (1 Peter 1:23). This significant truth is clearly set forth in Christ's own words, as recorded in the third chapter of John's Gospel.

There He outlines the imperative necessity of the New Birth, and goes on to explain how such a miracle is possible. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The doctrine of the New Birth is of utmost importance to the Christian. For some time past, it appears, it has been pushed behind the scenes in many pulpit exhortations; but it will be quickly discovered that the minister of the Gospel who neglects to make this salient truth dominant in his teaching, is a failure as far as actual soul-saving work is concerned. The Army owes its remarkable success in winning souls, to its stand with regard to the New Birth.

That a vital change of one's spirituality—a new birth—is possible, can never be doubted by the true Chris-

RED ON THE ROCKS

r. Jowett was minded on a certain day to select for his climbing the shoulder of the Furren Alps, looking fair Engleberg Valley. A time he followed the well-trail, and then, near the summit, observed that the beaten path and left him with only a comforter. Suddenly he observed a great red rock, and then another higher up, as of blood. And he inferred that it was by way of these crimson signs that he was sent to the top. In this experience he drew one of the most famous illustrations. "The road is the path of noblest in life. If the church of the living were sacrificial she would thrill the world."

FAITH TRIUMPHANT

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WARD.

is, who trod Gethsemane, smiled at death on Calvary, Remove from me the spear-ringing, mocking unbelief—me the faith of Golgotha's thief!



STRENGTH FROM THE UNSEEN SOURCE

HOUGH THE TREE breathes through the leaf, yet through the root it gathers its greatest strength—from the hidden source.

There are two trees in every nature; one growing downward, the other upward! One destined to fruitage, the other doomed to darkness and toil. Should you grasp the trunk, and shake both earth and leaves from it, you could scarcely tell which grappled the clods, and which the clouds. So must it ever be with human character. Well did Paul say: "Your life is hid with Christ in God."

Thought, reflection, meditation, self-examination, the inward balancing of motives and desires, secret communion with the Infinite Spirit, and the review of coming destiny—these are the secrets of a true life.

No man can be strong, nor become stable, who does not open the windows of the soul heavenward in the hours of seclusion, that he may talk with God. It was in the secluded room, his studio, that Angelo gathered his inspiration, to come forth, to put into marble the great thoughts that live. Every great mind has learned to dwell apart with God before he has achieved the world's highest honors.

The tree grows from within. It reaches out to gather earth and air, through root and leaf, to build, from within, its towering trunk in expanding circles. Man never grows by wrapping flesh and blood in cloaks of wool, but by the law of inner assimilation. When will the world learn that God is only truly known in man's inner nature! "No man climbs to the throne of God by the pathway of the stars, who has not first faced Him in the inner sanctuary of his own soul." Augustine, after his long struggle with speculative doubt, at last with wonder and joy found God revealing Himself within his own soul. Hear his confession: "Too late I loved Thee, O Beauty, ancient yet ever new! Too late I loved Thee. I searched for Thee abroad, and Thou wert within. I, deluded, abroad, plunging amid those fair forms which Thou hast made. Thou wert with me, but I was not with Thee. Things held me far from Thee, which unless they were in Thee, were not at all. Thou didst call, and shout, and burst my deafness. Thou didst flash, shine, and scatter my blindness. Thou didst breathe odors and I drew in breath and panted for Thee. Thou touchedst me, and I burned for Thy peace."

You revelled in your work in the Corps, in the Banding, and the activities of the Songster Brigade, or the honest, true duties of the faithful Soldier. Your testimony throbbed with a glorious exultation born of a steadfast experience.

But Satan entered, in some way or other. To-day you are drifting. The sky is darkening with heavy clouds, the night is coming on, the stars are hidden, wrecked lives are about you. Your danger is increasing.

Drifter, you had better call the Pilot to your aid. He will restore to you the old joys. He will aid you in your struggle against the tide, steer you safely amongst the breakers—take you into the safe harbor.

Let the Pilot have control. Come back to your God and your duty.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

And Readings for the Family Altar

SUNDAY

Scripture reading: John 6:15-27.

A thought for the day:

"But if I must afflicted be To suit some wise design, Then man my soul with firm resolves To bear and not repine."

—Robert Burns.

Let us sing song No. 697.

MONDAY

Scripture reading: John 6: 28-40.

A thought for the day:

"As the morning sun brushes the darkness from the world, grant us to-day to brush aside the shadows from some unhappy heart."—R. L. Stevenson.

Let us sing song No. 514.

TUESDAY

Scripture reading: John 6:41-59.

A thought for the day:

The development of Christian character is from within outward.

Let us sing song No. 416.

WEDNESDAY

Scripture reading: John 6:60-71.

A thought for the day:

"Rely not so much on the comforts of God, as on the God of comforts."

Let us sing song No. 475.

THURSDAY

Scripture reading: John 7:1-13.

A thought for the day:

It is a wonderful thing to be able to go when God says "Go," but it

YOUR FATHER WAITS

Reader, whether you dwell behind Prison bars, or travel the world at will, if you have never acknowledged God as your Father, and Jesus as your Saviour — then you are poor and miserable indeed.

It is a short step from the "Far Country" to the Father's House. Repent of your sins, come to yourself and say, "I will arise and go." You will find your Father waiting.

is even more wonderful to be able to stop when He says "Stop."

Let us sing song No. 459.

FRIDAY

Scripture reading: John 7:14-27.

A thought for the day:

Walk carefully and cheerfully in the light already given, and gradually the deeper things of God will be made plain.

Let us sing song No. 350.

SATURDAY

Scripture reading: John 7:28-39.

A thought for the day:

"Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers, but for powers equal to your tasks."—Phillips Brooks.

Let us sing song No. 515.

"I Will Heal Their Backsliding, I Will Love Them Freely"

ARMY

MINISTRATIONS OF MERCY IN MONTREAL

A Labor of Helpfulness, Impartial in its Scope, Blessed in its Results, is carried on by The Salvation Army in the Needy Quarters of the Great Canadian Metropolis



Bread brings a smile to this pale-faced girl

THERE is a certain air of vivacity about the throngs that crowd St. Catherine's Street in Montreal. Even down in high-towered and opulent St. James Street—Canada's greatest money mart—one can sense that charming animation so delightfully characteristic of the French people. It has been preserved through long centuries of history-making. It has given Montreal an atmosphere peculiarly its own. But behind all this are to be found the same grim realities of stern poverty as are manifested in other centres. Penury and tragedy rear their baneful forms within sight of the soaring Cathedrals of Commerce!

In such places The Army is carrying on its impartial ministry of helpfulness. It works elsewhere of course—there are, in fact, flourishing centres of Army activity in practically every section of Montreal—but we speak in particular of its work amongst the very poorest and most needy of the population. Silently, day by day, year in and year out, this labor of amelioration and upliftment is carried on; it is utterly devoid of ostentation, for in the spirit of the humble Christ do the emissaries of hope tread the streets of need, and visit the cheerless homes, row on row.

Said a young French-Canadian to the writer: "I admire The Salvation Army. They help all people, no matter what religion or language or color. They say 'We want to help you to be good,' and not 'We want you to come into The Army. I always tell my people about The Army and they are invariably surprised.'"

On the Scent

A "War Cry" representative recently spent considerable time investigating the activities of our Social workers in the Metropolis. Back lanes and courts were visited in company with a worker. Rickety outside stairways were ascended to third and fourth storey lodging places. A mantle of pure snow had fallen through the night, and as the day was not far advanced it served to cover up the refuse and filth that lay underneath. Children—bright-faced youngsters—swarmed everywhere. On the word of an authority who has lived for twenty-seven years in the particular district visited, there are not nearly so many children

to-day as there were years ago. Scores of them are to be seen, however. There are, it would appear, more people to a given area in Montreal than in any other part of Canada.

"Where is Mrs. L—living now?" one little youngster was asked. He couldn't have been more than four or five years of age. "Just over there, Mister," he replied in perfect English, pointing toward a nearby tenement house with his grimy hand. Whereupon he turned about and indulged in a voluble altercation with his playmate—in French.

Ensign Hartas, who, with Mrs. Hartas, has charge of the Social Corps—a venture unique in Canada East annals—knows this district like a book. He has investigated hundreds of homes this winter, and been instrumental in providing help in many ways. Some of the people have inhabited Poverty-Row all their lives and have become more or less accustomed to dirt and a mean environment. But others are strangers to such conditions. Unemployment or sickness or other equally unfortunate circumstances have thrown them on the reefs of despair. It is pitiful to go into the homes of such folk. They are usually spotlessly clean; kiddies are neat and tidy. Only to The Army people does the mother, with her heart near breaking, reveal that she has nothing for them to eat, and that father has despaired of gaining an honest livelihood.

Shivering and Starving

One home was devoid of anything in the way of nourishment for the little baby, when The Army arrived. Overcoats, thrown in the corners of the spotless room, served as beds for the family. There was not a stick of wood or bit of coal in the place, though it was late December. This place was visited by several members of the Social Corps Home League, and since that time the family has never been in want. Besides food, proper sleeping arrangements have been provided, together with clothing for the baby. The husband is at present unemployed, but at least one terrible load of anxiety is lifted from his mind through The Army's happy mediation.

One day a bent and decrepit old woman crept into The Army's office at Chatham Street. She was crying bitterly and it took a few moments of patient questioning to get anything out of her. Finally, between fits of sobbing, she revealed that she had been sick for a long time, and her son, her sole support, was out of work. Rent was in arrears, there was nothing to eat in the house, and to that discomfort was added the unpleasantness of bleak, cold rooms, for the gas company had turned off the only source of heat.

She came in tearful—but she went away smiling! Food and warm clothing, the assurance of fuel and future visits from The Army's hope-bringers, wrought the transformation.

In another home, the furniture—such as it was—was being burnt to give warmth. The Army provided

some more conventional fuel as soon as conditions were discovered, to the great delight of these people.

An old man was found in a veritable hovel, trying to extract a measure of warmth from a fireless stove. He was paralysed in both hands and feet. Each morning his son would get him out of bed and place him by the stove, and then go out to spend the day hunting for odd jobs. The old man went into ecstasies of delight when The Army sent him several loads of fuel. It has made a world of difference in his long dreary days.

Kiddies' Hotel Dinner

Staff-Captain Ursaki, the Montreal Divisional Young People's Secretary, received an unusual phone call from the manager of a certain hotel, just before Christmas. "I want you to send ten of the poorest children in Montreal to my hotel to-morrow," he said, "and I'll give them a good time." The ten were selected without any great trouble, from this district. Roast turkey they had for dinner, with vegetables and plum pudding. Santa Claus followed with dolls for the girls and musical tops for the lads. Some of the youngsters were absolutely at a loss for words—an unusual thing with most of these winsome kiddies of the streets!

One of the girls who enjoyed the treat was a cripple. Two others came from a family of eight children; one boy's father had recently died of tuberculosis and his mother, an infinitely clean and painstaking woman, works now by day for the support of her fatherless little ones; a Syrian girl, whose father has been out of work for months, was also present.

Generous hearts in Montreal are gladly co-operating with The Army in its work, but the need is so tremendous that much more practical assistance is urgently desired. One gesture of good-will came from the owner of a group of theatres. He imposed a rather unique charge on his patrons one night. Admission could be secured only through the presentation of fruits and vegetables which were then given to The Army and distributed amongst the needy.

A visit to The Army's Industrial Institution at 603 Chatham Street, where Major Thompson is in charge, would no doubt prove an amazing revelation to many folk. This is the centre from which

social operations in that portion of the city are directed. A large paper-sorting work is carried on, for the benefit of unemployed men. Salvage of all sorts—furniture, stoves, etc.—is submitted to needed repairs here, before being dispatched by truck to The Army's stores, which are situated at strategic localities throughout the poorer quarters of the Metropolis. A nominal sum is charged for such goods with the dual objective of helping defray the high costs involved in this work, and to impart a measure of independence to the purchaser. This latter is an important psychological factor, the wisdom of which a moment of thought on the subject will reveal. Necessities are not withheld from those who cannot pay, however.

Thanks is due the Montreal Truways Company, through whose generosity a huge pile of discarded goods has been placed at The Army's disposal. So far this Winter 65 loads of wood have been distributed free of charge, to fireless folk, as any other form of Army charity let it be understood, is not engaged in promiscuously, for every home receives help is investigated by workers.

The demand for overcoats fluctuates. In cold weather there is a most incessant appeal for clothing. Usually, in the case of the men, an hour or so at the mentioned wood-pile is required for the overcoat, with a warm hat if needed, is forthcoming. During the fact that December was an

(Continued on page 15)



Grandma is grateful for The Army's good cheer



INTERESTING TO WOMEN

DORIS TO HARRY

By JOHN KENT

WHAT a queer thing life is! Here on my desk is a letter. It came with several others and nothing has puzzled me more. But I doubt whether I shall solve the mystery.

It was addressed to me. The handwriting on the envelope is altogether strange. I know nobody who lives in E—, nor are any of my friends staying there.

Read we then this enigma.

The letter bears no address, and is undated. It begins: "Dear Harry"—and that is not my name. Then it goes on:

"I forgive you. You know I wouldn't bear malice. But we can't meet again. I want just to forgive and forget."

There follows the signature—"Doris."

I am at a loss to explain how this has come to me, my nearest guess being that someone sending out the circulars of a business-house, taking names and addresses from a directory, has inadvertently mixed the contents. Or, is it a joke?

They Were Lovers

Yet something about the tone, something in the very writing, rules out this last. And I am moved, deeply moved, as I look at this forlorn little message with its renunciation and its forgiveness which will never, I suppose, reach the intended goal nor breathe the pain and comfort to "Harry."

They were lovers, those two, yes, that must be it. Then he did some wrong which closed the book of their love-story; but not entirely the door of her heart. In her grief she has been able to utter the word of forgiveness. If Harry is anything like me he would have felt a tremendous tug at his heart. If only he could! It might make a different man of him. It might even turn this closed tragedy into an idyll of love once more. Who knows?

For of all the wonders of this world, surely, forgiveness is the greatest, next to love. It is so nearly divine, and it gives man a status which the very angels might envy, who never yet felt envy or hatred.

Have you ever done something ugly, something despicably mean, and waited for the lash of punishment to fall? The hardening of heart! The keen bitterness! The unrepentant longing to get even with the punisher!

Forgiven!

But, perhaps, like me, you recall occasions when you richly merited punishment and then, when the whip seemed about to descend, a soft voice has said: "Don't do it again! I forgive you!"

Then shame burns your cheek. Your heart melts. You want to kiss the very feet which could have spurned you. Forgiven! The comfort of it!

Think a little further. Allow your mind to dwell for a moment on another side of the question. We are agreed that forgiveness is precious. Why? Because it is so rare. But why is it rare?

In a moment of sublime insight Tchekov, the Russian writer, once wrote these words; they were found on a fragment of paper in his desk after his death:

"Essentially all this is crude and meaningless, and romantic love appears as meaningless as an avalanche which involuntarily rolls down a mountain and overwhelms people, but

when one listens to music, all this is—that some people lie in their graves and sleep, and that one woman is alive and grey-haired... Seems quiet and majestic, and the avalanche no longer meaningless, since in nature everything has a meaning. And everything is forgiven, and it would be strange not to forgive."

Gone from its context, a fragment; but the wonder of that last sentence! And the sudden understanding as one reaches it that Tchekov has seen the vision which was the vision of Jesus all his life—of a time when, instead of forgiveness being so rare it would be natural.

When that comes about, when men find it strange not to forgive, the Kingdom of Heaven will have come on the earth. Whenever individuals find it strange, the Kingdom has already begun, for that is the mark of its Citizens, even as it was the mark of Jesus Himself.

Doris writes to Harry, and as I look on her slanting hand I am immeasurably moved. I feel I am seeing, without design, the evidence of something too holy, too altogether



HOME LEAGUE FIXTURES FOR JANUARY

Toronto East Division

Syng Avenue—Mrs. Major Sparks, Wed., 21, 2.30.
Danforth—Mrs. Brigadier Byers, Thurs., 29, 2.30.
Greenwood—Mrs. Field-Major Campbell, Wed., 28, 2.30.
Leaside—Mrs. Adjutant Pollock, Thurs., 29, 2.30.
Parliament Street—Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Moore, Thurs., 8, 2.30.
Rhodes Avenue—Mrs. Adjutant McBain, Tues., 20, 2.30.
Riverdale—Mrs. Field-Major Parsons, Tues., 27, 2.30.
Tadmorden—Mrs. Ensign Wood, Thurs., 15, 2.30.
Yorkville—Mrs. Brigadier Bloss, Thurs., 15, 2.30.

Toronto West Division

Brock Avenue—Mrs. Ensign Ashby, Wed., 21, 2.30.
Fairbank—Commandant Sharrock, Wed., 14, 2.30.
Lisgar Street—Mrs. Brigadier Burton, Thurs., 29, 2.30.
Mount Dennis—Mrs. Brigadier Burton, Wed., 21, 2.30.
Rowntree—Mrs. Ensign Tiffin, Wed., 14, 2.30.
Toronto Temple—Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Whatley, Tues., 20, 8.00.
Weston—Adjutant Bridge, Thurs., 29, 2.30.
Wychwood—Mrs. Ensign Keith, Wed., 14, 2.30.

DELECTABLE DISHES

Rice and Fish Loaf

One package lemon flavored gelatin, 1 cup boiling water, 1-2 cup cold water, 1-2 cup chili sauce, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1 cup salmon, tuna, or other cooked fish, 2 cups cold cooked rice, 1 green pepper or 6 stuffed olives, chopped, 1 small onion, finely chopped.

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add cold water, chili sauce, and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in remaining ingredients. Turn into loaf pan. Chill until firm. Unmold. Slice and serve with a tart sauce. Serves eight.

Scalloped Corn and Celery

Two cups corn (canned or fresh cut), 1 cup celery (finely chopped), 1 cup buttered dry bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 small green pepper chopped, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup hot milk.

Arrange corn, peppers, celery and crumbs in two alternative layers in a buttered baking dish. Add butter to hot milk and pour over the vegetables. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake thirty to forty minutes. Serve eight.

Lemon Crumb Pudding

Two cups milk, 2 cups bread crumbs, 1-4 teaspoon salt, 1-4 cup sugar, 1 egg, grated rind 1 lemon, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Pour the milk over fine dry bread crumbs; add salt and sugar, well-beaten egg, grated lemon rind, lemon juice and melted butter. Pour into buttered baking dish and bake in a slow oven (300 degrees) forty minutes. Serve with creamy pudding sauce made as follows:

One egg, 3-4 cup powdered sugar, 1 cup cream, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Beat egg until light; beat in powdered sugar. Add cream whipped until stiff, and fruit juices. Serve cold.

GOD'S HOUSE-CLEANING



Yesterday, my house depressed me,

Meals to get and rooms to dust:

Everything so drab and dingy, I'm afraid I nagged and fussed.

Even out-of-doors looked grimy, Dust had settled on the snow, Mud had gathered in the garden,

Where the asters used to grow.

But, last night, clean snow came drifting, Sifting down without a sound;

Now outdoors is white and shining,

As in spotless linen gowned, I think God was trying to tell me,

Through that quiet, cleansing snow:

Child, why will you worry so?"

lovely for me to mention, and though Harry may never read the message, it will have served its purpose (for so I designed it should) by reminding thousands of whom, mayhap, Doris neither heard nor thought, of the Great Idea which Jesus had in mind.

"Strange not to forgive!" God help us all. The world seems a long way off yet. But the Kingdom proclaimed by the Gospels is already begun. And those of us who really do understand this strangeness are its Citizens. We are Citizens because we have been forgiven unforgivable sins and loved in spite of them.

Enthusiasm gives life to what is invisible, and interest to what has no immediate action on our comfort in this world.—Madam de Stael,

CALL NOT THOU COMMON

Domestic References in the Bible —The Cake

CREEPING furtively under cover of darkness into the camp of his enemy, stout-hearted Gideon of Israel, heard voices. Two soldiers were talking. One had been awakened by a strange dream. How the dreamer's wife might have laughed had she overheard what Gideon did, crouching there in peril of his life.

"Behold I dreamed a dream," confided the soldier; "and, lo a cake of barley bread tumbled into the camp of Midian!"

The woman who made that cake was certainly an adept at making rock-cakes! Reminds me of the day my mother decided she would no longer fill the baker's purse; she would be independent, and economical, and bake her own bread. Her loaf would have certainly stood up to an endurance test with the Midianite's barley cake. Dad and the maid discovered that it made an excellent volley ball, if somewhat marble-like.

And the remainder of the Midianite's dream? The well-baked barley cake, after its precipitate arrival in camp, violently struck a tent, and such force that the tent pled and fell.

The dream was no laughing matter companion of the narrator. It was for the Midianites. "This is else than the sword of... of Israel," he augured, "for into his hand hath God Israel." And he was right. overdone cake was an omen, so an underdone cake, or not turned, was the metaphor used by the prophet Hosea for the dissolute tribe of Ephraim.

The inference of course is Ephraimites were spoilt, like which pre-occupied King was set to watch, and didn't. His mundane, although none delightful, edible, may prove a lesson to us—providing we above sitting at the feet of a teacher.—Mere Man.



CHEN WRINKLES

sh glassware so that it will ningly bright, use a small led brush and plenty of hot then dry with a soft linen rinse well with boiling d let it dry itself.

may be cleaned by rubbing with a piece of lemon dip. Then rinse in hot water with a soft cloth.

A WORD OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO YOUNG SALVATIONISTS

NOW IS THE TIME for consecrated men and women to respond to the Call of Almighty God and become Candidates for Army Officership. To many who are mentally, physically and spiritually efficient **THE NEED IS THE CALL.** The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few. Do you realize the need? Then respond to-day by applying to the Candidates' Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

The next Training Session will commence in September. By applying now there will be sufficient time for your case to be considered and for any minor weakness or defect revealed by your medical examination to be remedied before the Training Session opens.

Candidates will also be able to take advantage of the special course of studies provided by the Training Garrison Principal. This will help to fit you for the more extensive course which the Training Garrison provides.

If God has called you to a life of service and sacrifice, make all speed to obey.

A HAPPY 'GET-TOGETHER'

For Social Workers of Montreal

The annual Christmas gathering for Officers and employees of the Montreal Industrial Department, presided over by Major Thompson, took place on Tuesday.

Commandant Harding, after two and a half years' service in the Metropolis, said farewell, at this gathering, for Hamilton.

Brother Poulter was an honored guest on this occasion. Envoy Browning acted as Santa Claus and delighted not only the children present, but the elders as well.

The Major, in making his report, spoke of the loyal support given him by the Officers attached to the Department. A great number of the employees are members of the Social Corps, at which Hall the dinner was held.

A BUSY MONTH

MAISONNEUVE (Captain and Mrs. Lorimer)—The month of December at Maisonneuve has been a very busy one. The comrades and friends were delighted to have been included in Lieut.-Commissioner Henry's farewell tour, and a very profitable afternoon was enjoyed by those present.

Adjutant Yost was a very welcome visitor, and his services were deeply appreciated. In the night meeting three seekers came to the Mercy-seat. Ensign van Roon gave a very interesting account of The Army's work in Quebec City.

Colonel Hargrave conducted a Sunday's meeting, including a talk to the Young People in the Company meeting. One seeker came to the Altar in each service.

The Home League, under the leadership of Sisters Mrs. Titcombe and Mrs. Brick, has done well. A program in aid of the sale was presided over by Major Thompson.

A large number of Christmas baskets were given away to the needy. —W.L.

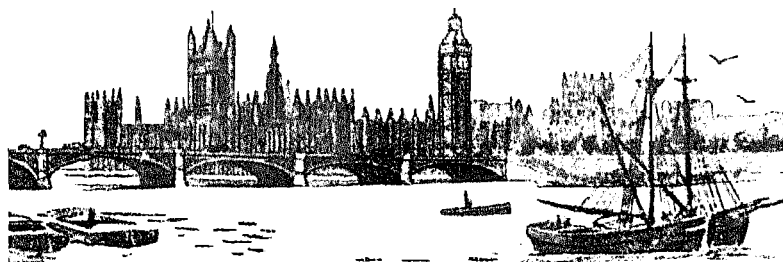
MANY HELPERS

RHODES AVENUE (Captain and Mrs. Evenden) — On Sunday the morning meeting was conducted by Cadet May Rogers.

The evening meeting was conducted by Captains Bloss and Garnet. A good congregation assembled and the Spirit of God was very manifest.

On Sunday evening our Christmas program was held before a capacity audience. Young People's Sergeant-Major Hollowell and her workers are to be congratulated.

OUR LONDON OUTLOOK



International Headquarters,
December 18th, 1930.

THE PALL

The window of the room in which I write is an expanse of jet black, set in the green walls, and an extraordinary quietude on the building completes the illusion that night reigns over International Headquarters. It is, however, two o'clock in the afternoon, but many of the staff have gone out under one of the deepest palls of fog that London has known for many a day, to attend the funeral of Lieut.-Commissioner Ewens. We cannot help thinking of a lonely comrade who, under a blazing Indian sun, is seeking consolation in her grief. Had a tragedian sought to set this funeral service of an Indian warrior in the most sombre of settings he could not have outdone Abney Park Cemetery in this stygian gloom, with the widow bearing her affliction under a tropical sky thousands of miles away. The shouts of victory will have to be very determined this afternoon if The Army's conquering graveside tradition is to be maintained. Once again we pause to think of the burdens which an Army General has to carry. It is bad enough to mourn with the crowd beneath this ominous mid-day darkness, but to lead the worship and to commit to the grave yet another of his trusted Lieutenants must be a grievous burden for the General.

HIS LAST DEED

In many ways Lieut.-Commissioner Ewens was one of the most unostentatious of Army leaders. Watchful, strict, especially over himself, accurate and as kind-hearted as a true shepherd, he moved amongst us in London with a shy aloofness, so that he was not nearly so well-known as some others. But his sweet thoughtfulness has been told by many tongues. One of his last actions was to go to the station in bitter cold weather which he was feeling intensely, for his fatal illness was then upon him, to bid Godspeed to women-Officers bound for India. He hoped to join their boat at Marseilles and so could have been excused this journey in London, but the spirit of the man compelled him, and now that little deed has, by the mysterious providence of God, become the epitome of his whole life.

AN EDITORIAL INTEREST

"The War Cry" teams of the world have a special interest in this leader, for his father was the first "War Cry" editor, and he himself, as a boy, gave assistance with the preparation of the initial issues of the parent paper. One of the Commissioner's brothers recently retired after a life-time of service as a compositor at "The War Cry" Printing Works, St. Albans, so the newspaper tradition was maintained in the family.

PETER RETURNS!

A good story comes from Glasgow. During his day's Campaign there, last Sunday, the General referred to Peter. In the congregation was a young man who, twelve months ago, had taken a false step, which had since led him deep into sin. His name was Peter, and when he heard the General's forceful call he was made deeply conscious of his plight. In the Prayer-meeting, at the invitation of an Officer, he climbed over rows of seats to get to the Penitent-form. As our informant puts it, "Like his namesake, he went out and wept bitterly, and another Peter was restored!"

LIGHTS OUT

Sunderland's point of interest during the General's day of "Power and Glory" there was of another nature. Just when the vital moments of the night Prayer-meeting were reached, all the lights in the building except one small glimmer under the gallery, went out. It looked as though the efforts of many were to be nullified by the fusing of a wire, but the doughty warriors of Sunderland are not easily beaten. Inspired by Colonel Pugmire, a dimly-seen but clearly-heard figure on the platform, and with the aid of one decrepit Band lamp, they hung on to the sinners, and one by one seekers crept through the gloom to the Mercy-seat. When the light was restored the Salvationists renewed their efforts and a glorious victory was achieved. There was no disorder and no suggestion of panic, a fact which "The War Cry" correspondent very rightly attributes to the fact that the Holy Spirit had charge of affairs. Such an occurrence in such circumstances might easily have led to grave quietude.

AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Listeners to the London and National broadcast programs on Monday evening, heard three times that the General had that day been received in audience by His Majesty the King. The interview, we are told, was most cordial, the King taking deep interest in news of The Army's progress, and especially in efforts that are being made to alleviate widespread distress. His Majesty's interest in the welfare of the people endears him to all, and Salvationists are proud of this further mark of his knowledge of their labors.

A QUERY

Is it the air, or the comradeship, or the spirit of the New World? Colonel Noble has returned to London for a visit looking years younger than when he left it years ago. Someone declaring that his hair is positively less grey! He has told us some tales of Canada East.

CAROLLING

The Salvation waits are out again, as I write. Thousands of Bandsmen and Songsters are hurrying home from their work to face fog and frost in order to add to the season its traditional music, in return for which Corps' financial burdens are lifted for a season. In isolated places by-laws are affecting the situation as, for instance, at Chelmsford, where no one is allowed to wake the echoes with Christmas music until a week before the Day. This is intended as a protection against innumerable small children who lift letter-boxes and

83 YEARS YOUNG

Veteran Salvationist Takes Deep Interest in Montreal's Social Corps

BROTHER POULTER, of Montreal, a staunch Salvationist of many years service, has evinced a most paternal interest in the Social Corps in the Metropolis. This Corps is the only one of its kind in The Army in Canada East, and the splendid work done, well justifies its flourishing existence. Since its inception Brother Poulter has done all in his power to forward the work.

Despite his advanced age—he is 83—he seldom misses a Sunday evening service. He paid a surprise visit to the Company meeting on Sunday last, and was more than delighted with the splendid Bible Class that has just been initiated. Folk of all ages attend this Class. Even the two or three who can't read derive great help. One member is nearly blind, and it is touching to watch a companion help him trace the words in the Bible.

Ensign and Mrs. Hartas and members of the Social Corps are deeply appreciative of Mr. Poulter's interest in their work.

MINISTER AND CAPTAIN DAUGHTER

Proud to be Her Father

NEWCASTLE, N.B. (Captain Jardine, Lieutenant Mason) — Christmas program was a prono success. The Captain introduced chairman for the evening, her the Rev. James Jardine. In over the meeting the chairma he was proud to be the father of who had given her life over to service of the Lord.

A generous response was made to the Christmas cheer pot appeal, and fifteen baskets of provisions went to needy homes, besides some individual relief. The closing down of the mills has caused hardship to many, and more relief work will likely be required before Spring.

MUSICAL RAIDERS

From Peterboro and Lin

LINDSAY (Adjutant and Bond)—Ensign and Mrs. Corps Cadet M. Boorman, B. French, and the Yurgenson 1 of Peterboro, visited Lindsay for the Young People's Annual end. On Saturday night the rades put on a splendid prog day Sunday the meetings we interesting character.

After the Salvation me night the comrades put on program.

The Songster Brigade has b organized and is doing well the leadership of Bandsman J. —Bee.

wall into the cavities more tuneful renditions of the carols. But we would rath all the children than such a Let us make the most of the tivals left to us by the onwe of civilization and its scan for old-time observances!

—THE SALVATION I

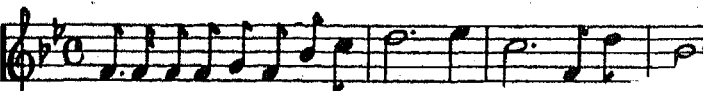
SING THIS CHORUS IN THE CAMP

(No. 141 in Congress Chorus Book)

I SHALL REACH THE LAND OF CANAAN



I shall reach the Land of Canaan by and by, Some day, by



I shall reach the Land of Canaan by and by, Some day

WAR CRY

COMMISSIONER JAMES HAY,
Territorial Commander,

James and Albert Sts., Toronto, Ont.
Printed for The Salvation Army in
Canada East and Newfoundland, by The
Salvation Army Printing House, 20
Albert Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of
The War Cry (including the Special
Easter and Christmas issues) will be
mailed to any address in Canada for
twelve months for the sum of \$2.50, pre-
paid.
All Editorial communications should be
addressed to the Editor.

GENERAL ORDER

**JANUARY, FEBRUARY, AND
MARCH, 1931, are hereby declared
a Campaign Period. The prosecution
of the great ideals of the "Regions
Beyond" Campaign must be studied,
prayed over, and carried through by
all Officers.**

Directions from your Divisional
Commanders, and inspiring words
from "The War Cry," must be dili-
gently followed.

The object of this Campaign is to
get to "Regions Beyond," i.e., ad-
vancing all Army work by at least
ten per cent, before March 31st.

JAMES HAY,
Commissioner.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTION—

To be Captain:
Lieutenant Pearl McDermid, Montreal
Subscribers Department.

APPOINTMENTS—

Commandant Major, to the Men's Social
Club, Toronto.
Lieutenant Millar, to the Men's Social
Club, Montreal.
Lieutenant Harding, to the Men's
Club (Industrial), Hamilton.
Lieutenant Minnie Robinson, to be Super-
intendent, London Hospital.
Lieutenant Frances Sibbick, to be Super-
intendent, Montreal Hospital.
Lieutenant Peter Lindores, of the Young
People's Department, Territorial Head-
quarters, to the Men's Social Depart-
ment (Sherbourne Street Hostel), To-
ronto.

NEWFOUNDLAND SUB-TERRI- TORY—

Captain Lily Grosse, to Lewisporte.
Captain Mary King, to Arnold's Cove.
Captain Fannie Parsons, to Garnish.
Captain Ernest Batten, to Peter's Arm.
Captain Garfield Ryan, to Brighton.
Captain Lily Bridger, to Brighton.
Lieutenant Sophie Murray, to Arnold's
Cove.
Lieutenant Mary Benson, to Hant's Har-
bour (Assistant Teacher).
Lieutenant Annie Brown, to Little Bay
Cove.
Lieutenant H. Winsor, to Springdale.
Lieutenant A. Carter, to Carter's Cove.
Lieutenant Alice Ebsary, to Ganibo
Cove.

JAMES HAY,
Territorial Commander.

MAJESTY THE KING

as the General at Bucking-
ham Palace

Majesty the King received the
General in audience at Buckingham
Palace recently.

General, who after a heavy
meetings had travelled from
London during the night, was ac-
cused to the Palace by Commis-
sioner.

The General received the General most
and displayed keen interest
progress of The Salvation
Army which he discussed with sym-
pathy and understanding. His Majesty's
confidence in the assurance that
the Army continues to advance, was
evident. He was much inter-
ested in some impressions gath-
ering the General's visit to
Canada.

The General's intense concern for the
and social welfare of his
manifested so constantly in
his acts and utterances, found
again and again during
the interview. Especially marked
was his deep sympathy with the suf-
fering of the unemployed, as was
evident from his learning some-
thing of what The Army is doing to
relieve distress.

SINGING THE OLD YEAR OUT

THE COMMISSIONER AND MRS. HAY spend a Holy Hour at the Riverdale Watch-Night Service

JUDGING by the general ex-
pression on the faces of the gath-
ering assembled for the Watch-
night Service at Riverdale, 1930
must have been a Happy Old
Year and there was no difficulty
about the expectations of similar
felicitation in 1931.

The Commissioner, who conducted
the meeting, opened the proceedings
by referring to the all-alive activity
and progress which characterized
the Corps and the atmosphere
throughout was rich with praise to
God for His generous blessing upon
Army's local labors.

A very real joy gloriously charged
the opening song, "Praise, my soul,
the King of Heaven," and the closing
song, "Go labor on, spend and be
spent"—most fittingly sounded the
"Encore!" They seem to be echoing,
at Riverdale, the words of The Army
Founder: "That and better will do."

Could anything have been more
helpful, in contemplating the un-
trodden path of the New Year, than
the sentiment of the song which suc-
ceeded Lieut. - Colonel Jennings's
prayer: "Oh, Master, let me walk
with Thee?"

Mrs. Hay's quietly-spoken words
were quite in line with the poet's de-
sire and her closing sentence struck
the hope-note with ringing sound:

"If you will look out, animated by
pity and sympathy, and with the
tender heart, through eyes that hope
to see something of opportunity for
service for God and humanity, I am

assured that He will help us in a
particular way during the coming
year."

"Yesterday, to-day, forever," might
have been the Commissioner's text
for his brief address which stressed
the enduring character of God.
Jesus was the manifestation of the
love of God in the Earth—an un-
changing love, indeed. Humanity
changed, its standards varied, its
values altered, but God was not sub-
ject to such vagaries. The compas-
sion, the mercy, the goodness of God,
His greatness, His justice, His truth,
purity, and love remained ever the
same. He is our Father, His Salva-
tion is everlasting. A truly hearten-
ing message, endorsed by the thrill-
ing Presence of the Holy Spirit, sent
that company out into the chilly
morning with the flame of faith leap-
ing high within the soul, and the
dedication chorus still re-echoing on
the lips of many:

All my days and all my hours,
All my will and all my powers,
All the passion of my soul,
Not a fragment, but the whole,
Shall be Thine, dear Lord!

Lieut.-Colonel Whatley, Brigadier
and Mrs. Ritchie, Staff - Captain
Mundy, Adjutant and Mrs. McBain,
Adjutant and Mrs. Falle, also
supported the Commissioner and
Mrs. Hay. The Riverdale Band and
Songster Brigade were in attendance.
The Band Vocal Party sang effec-
tively.

CANADA EAST SAYS, "COME RIGHT IN!"

COLONEL AND MRS. DALZIEL Are Warmly Welcomed by a
Rousing Gathering in the Temple, Toronto

A REALLY splendid reception,
full-spirited and happily free,
was given to the new Chief
Secretary, his wife and family in the
Temple, Toronto, on Tuesday evening.
With scarcely a minute for pause,
certainly with little time to collect his
thoughts, Colonel Dalziel was hurried
from the Council Chamber, where
greetings had been offered by the
Territorial Headquarters Staff, to the
public assembly packed into the Cen-
tral Auditorium, where chorus sing-
ing by Training Garrison Cadets and
the playing of the West Toronto
Band had beguiled the tedium of
eager waiting. Seats were at a pre-
mium some time before the meeting
opened.

Stirring, indeed, was the manner in
which the crowd welcomed the ap-
pearance of Colonel William R. Dal-
ziel and his charming wife. The new
Chief Secretary will speedily become
known amongst us for his prevailing
characteristic—a jolly, boyish grin
that reaches right into the heart of the
observer and snuggles there immedi-
ately at home. It was in good evi-
dence at this his first meeting with
the Salvationist public of the Domin-
ion. An explosive laugh, the fruit of
the amiable expression, was also
heard in the course of the proceedings
and the gathering simply took him up
in generous embrace and, in the
name of the Canada East Territory—
Officers of every grade, Local Officers
and Soldiers—took him to its heart
for good and all.

The Commissioner, who presided in
genial fashion, was, doubtless, proud
of one upon whom his influence had
been cast in days long past, days
when the Colonel of to-day was an
impressionable young Officer. Cer-
tainly the new Chief Secretary, as
also his wife, were anxious to pay
tribute of affectionate regard to the
debt they owed the Commissioner
and Mrs. Hay for powerful and char-
acter-forming example in Salvation
service.

Music and song in plentiful

variety welded the items on the
Commissioner's program into a de-
lightful whole. It could not have
been planned more pleasingly for the
Colonel, who, from his earliest youth
up, has revelled, no less, in Salvation
harmonies. The great congregation
sang, soulfully and full-throatedly,
the volume rising in sweeping waves
of praise which soared above the
modulated uplift of the accompany-
ing musicians.

Composed specially for the occa-
sion, a set of words voicing assur-
ances of happiness in the arrival of
the guests of honor, was sung by the
Salvation Singers to the tune: "O
Canada!" The Earls Court Songster
Brigade (Songster-Leader Boys) did
magnificently in two contributions,
"Love Divine" and "I will lift up
mine eyes," while the Band already
referred to also gave "Sound Forth
the Praises," and "The Quest." Staff-
Captain Mundy swung the gathering
along on the crest of a chorus-wave.

Just how many Chief Secretaries
have worked in association with the
Commissioner we cannot say, but we
think that scarce any such an ap-
pointment can have appealed to him
more than the one we chronicle at
this time. After reading an appro-
priate Scripture portion our Leader
very feelingly spread the vista be-
fore his new Lieutenant, prophesying
for him a fresh taste of Army re-
sponsibility and a wealth of God-
given opportunity to fulfil the vows
he made to God over a quarter of
a century ago. He prayed God's
blessing upon the appointment.

Young in spirit, as ever, Mrs. Hay
won, ever more assuredly, her place
in the affections of Toronto audiences
by the manner in which she hailed
the Chief Secretary and his wife.

Colonel McAmmond, Lieut.-Colonels
Sims and Jennings and Brigadier
Burton having taken part, Mrs. Col-
onel Dalziel expressed her gratitude
for the privilege of joining in the
Salvation War in this Territory. She
(Continued on page 15)

CANADA WEST'S NEW LEADERS

Enthusiastic Gatherings in
Winnipeg

[By Wire]

Lieut. - Commissioner and Mrs.
Henry's entry into Canada West
was celebrated in a series of trium-
phant meetings this week-end. An
enthusiastic reception on Friday at
the railway depot started a day of en-
thusiastic greetings, which included a
Staff gathering and Field Councils.
At night a Welcome Demonstration
took place in the spacious Zion
Church, under the leadership of
Colonel Miller, all ranks vying in ex-
pressions of loyalty and devotion.

The Commissioner's stirring ad-
dress was punctuated with responsive
applause. His tributes to his pre-
decessors were especially pleasing.
His note of optimistic faith in God
and belief that the country will sur-
mount its present difficulties with
The Army in the vanguard put heart
into all. Commissioner Hay's message
was received with delighted applause.

On Sunday crowded meetings took
place in the Winnipeg Citadel. Civic,
ministerial and commercial represen-
tatives were present for the afternoon
session, when the Mayor of Winnipeg
was especially warm in his greetings
and offers of co-operation. At night
the Auditorium was packed from
floor to ceiling. An intense evange-
listic note was struck, the congrega-
tion being stirred by the Territorial
Leader's evident enthusiastic Salva-
tionism. The meeting concluded at
past ten o'clock with a rousing
charge for the "Compassion for
Souls" Crusade, Canada West's sister
Campaign with the "Regions Beyond"
Effort.

FIRST SALUTATIONS

Given the New Chief Secretary
and His Family at Intimate Terri-
torial Headquarters Gathering

At 4.30 on Tuesday afternoon,
January 6th, Colonel and Mrs. Dal-
ziel and their three children were
disembarking from the train at the
Union Station; an hour later they
were seated at dinner in the Temple
Council Chamber and making their
first acquaintance with Officers of the
Hub, with whom the Colonel will be
closely associated in his work.

A happy, informal affair the func-
tion proved, piloted by the Commis-
sioner, and the newcomers were made
to feel that Canada gladly gives
them the right hand of fellowship.
This was revealed in a variety of
pleasing ways; the Salvation Singers
sang a hearty welcome; Mrs. Hay re-
called associations of years ago with
the new Chief Secretary and his wife
as single Officers; Lieut.-Colonel
Stobbs extended a friendly greeting;
Colonel Adby assured them that Sal-
vationists in Canada, as elsewhere,
were "all one in Christ Jesus" and
Brigadier Ritchie augured that closer
acquaintance would ripen into affec-
tion.

An interlude, not altogether rele-
vant to the occasion, but certainly
agreeable to all, was the announce-
ment, by the Commissioner, of the
promotion to the rank of Major, of
Staff-Captain John Ritchie.

Our Territorial Leader, in an in-
spiring word, emphasized the great-
ness—both potential and actual, both
material and spiritual—of this con-
tinent, and predicted a mighty spirit-
ual awakening. He then presented
Mrs. Colonel Dalziel, who rose to
make her maiden Canadian speech;
her splendid testimony and sincere
expressions of gratitude for the wel-
come accorded were extremely ac-
ceptable.

The Colonel's remarks, likewise,
were tinged with gratitude to God
for the work wrought in his soul, and
for the "enlarged coasts" made possi-
ble by this new appointment.

Full Steam Ahead With

THE "R.B." CAMPAIGN

THOUGH not quite born in The Army, Colonel William R. Dalziel, the new Chief Secretary for Canada East, has been enthusiastically engaged ever since his entry on the Salvation Army plane in catching up with that loss of leeway.

Actually he was three years of age when, for the first time, he came under the spell of the music of an Army Band, and caught something of the lure of its fluttering tri-color Flag, and though he has witnessed many changing scenes in life, and has won a view point—actually in inches, too, for he is well over six feet in height—which is far from commonplace, he has never got away from that luring spell, nor does he so much as wish to be free again.

See him, then, at the early age already mentioned, enticing his Scots, Kirk-going father, to take him and his brother where the colorful music was flying. And that father loved his two boys so much that, though he had little use for the music, he took them close up, even into The Army Hall, to listen. Ah, but he got something besides reflected gratification!

A Strong Scot's Sacrifice

He heard an Army Officer speak of Abraham's offering and he realized that he loved his boys more than he loved his God. Strong conviction quickly seized him and he purposefully took the two laddies and sat them on the Penitent-form in token of his sacrifice. That father won an experience which he holds to this day. With his good wife, he is a Salvation Soldier at a London Corps.

From that early beginning William Robert Dalziel has progressed from stage to stage in the Holy War neath the Yellow, Red and Blue Flag of The Army. He quickly took to music; as soon as possible he was playing in the very Band which first attracted him. At seventeen, as a Corps Cadet, he won his first soul for God.

Early in 1904 he entered the old Training Home in Clapton. For some years thereafter, he worked on the Staff of that famous Salvation centre and, particularly by his sideline appointment, that of Bandmaster of the Cadets' Band, he endeared himself to a host of men-Officers who are scattered over the globe at this writing, but who ever remember his tall figure, his half-bashful smile—one which readily leaps out of his eyes and lights up every feature of a vigorous countenance—his cornet playing, his wide-swinging arms, when conducting the Band, and his long stride at the head of the column, his joy in an Open-air Fight in the

EXCEPT FOR THREE YEARS The New CHIEF SECRETARY Has Lived his Life in The Army—An Impression

roughest quarters, his—oh—his all-round example of a really-lived and positively-enjoyed Salvationism, than which he knew nothing else.

On the outbreak of the Great War The Army formed an Ambulance



Colonel and Mrs. Dalziel, who have been heartily welcomed to the Canada East Territory, where the Colonel now occupies the position of Chief Secretary

Unit which in association with the British Red Cross Society, carried out amazing ministrations of mercy behind the lines. To his great surprise William Dalziel was warned for duty with this force and the long months which he spent, operating from Boulogne, tried out, in very thorough fashion, the consecration he had made, so unknowing of its eventual testing. But he won through with honors.

Let it be added that here again his musical "bump" evidenced itself.

Hospitals were filled to overflowing with men who were long a'convalescing. To hearten the brave fellows in these wearisome hours Section-Leader Dalziel (B.R.C.S.) got a Band together, formed of the Salvationist ambulance drivers of his Unit. Then the camps, resting camps and others, called for the Band and, as opportunity offered, they ran from point to point providing the cheery strains of good music. And it was good!

Limitations of space forbid telling even a sample story regarding the Colonel's experiences at this time; of the utterly thrilling meetings held in Salvation Army Huts; of the captures made for God. Ask the Colonel, when he comes your way, to give you a few



specimen cases. His has been a storyful career all through, it would seem.

Young life seized upon the imagination of the Colonel when, on returning to England, he was made Chief Organizer of the Life-Saving Scouts of the World. What a job! What a man for the job! Can you think of a position more likely to affect boys?

Could you visualize any Officer more likely to seize upon the hero-worship of a boy? So tall, lissom, vigorous, sincere—W. R. D. was just the man and he had a great and prosperous time in this connection.

Made a Divisional Commander, he put in unforgettable service at Leicester, Liverpool, and South London. Daring in his planning, bold in his leading of a campaign, it naturally followed that Officers under his care closely chased his shadow into everything. It needs something extremely striking to arouse a phlegmatic city like Liverpool, but Colonel Dalziel had that Mersey-side city agog with unrestrained interest, even excitement, during campaigns which he engineered therein.

Could you avoid thinking it an odd place in which to conduct an Enrolment of New Soldiers, when, following a soul-saving campaign on the south side of the Great Metropolis, he marched his host of Recruits to the most notorious pugilistic centre—a great circular building called "The Ring"—and there, with attendants sporting split lips, cauliflower ears and spread noses, and underneath the blazing arc lights which nearly blinded the person who dared look upwards, he handed them over to the overjoyed General Bramwell Booth, who presided, reminding him, by reason of the uniqueness of the setting, of The Army's very earliest days.

What a Spectacle!

Ah, but the sequel was even more daringly conceived! The late General turned the conclusion of the proceedings into a Prayer-meeting and while the ringside devotees marvelled and characteristically exclaimed, "and women came down the stairs, dusted aisles and knelt around a high platform, which was the actual fighting ring, to seek the forgiveness of God! What a spectacle for men and angels!"

Well, it is amid such unconventional settings that Colonel Dalziel loves to test the potency of the to Salvation. We shall be delighted to follow him in any daring prize for the conversion of the 1 of Canada.

National Headquarters welcomed again, this time as Assistant to the Chief Secretary and, leaving as Assistant Chief Secretary as he comes to Canada East in sion to a line of distinguished Officers. May all grace be given to enable the utmost to be every opportunity!

Of Mrs. Dalziel a word must be added. They were married in 1911 and their family of two boys and a girl are now in Canada. Dalziel rendered good service Training Home Staff at Clapton, working in the Educational Department. A pleasing speaker, a perfectly natural in manner, she is expected to second the Chief Secretary's efforts in a very acceptable way. God bless them both, and may a great blessing in Canada East.

A SONG OF GREET

Sung at the Welcome of Colonel William R. Dalziel

(Tune: "O Canada")

Friends from afar! We welcome you
day!
May blessings rich attend you while
stay.
Though strange the land, and far
The same old color wave;
God's just the same! Our heart
true!
Our Motto, "Saved to save!"

Chorus:

Forward we go, hearts all aglow
Love now unites us in Christ's
low;
Forward together in His name

Comrades of ours! Beneath
and Fire,
Faith of our faith, to lift us
higher!
We'll march together on
In this our fair domain
Faithful and true
Till Christ afar

TERRITORIAL NEWSLETS

The librarian at the Dominion Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, has sent in a subscription renewal for "The War Cry" for the year 1931.

In connection with the "Regions Beyond" Campaign, the Swansea Corps is holding a great Re-union on Sunday, January 29th. Another Campaign item is to the effect that Staff-Captain and Mrs. Snowden and members of the Subscribers Department are doing six days of special meetings at Byng Avenue (Toronto).

An indefatigable "War Cry" boomer is Color-Sergeant Smith, of West Toronto, who disposed of 700 copies of the Christmas number. Well done! Brother David Ryan, of London I, has been on the "war path," too, having disposed of 800 Christmas "Crys" and 117 Army calendars.

A comrade in the United States Western Territory would like to exchange "The War Cry" and "Young Soldier" of that Territory for the Canada East publications. Any Salvationist desirous of making such an exchange, kindly get in touch with the Editor.

Twenty gallons of milk were kindly donated to The Army at Whitty recently, by an interested friend, for distribution amongst the poor. The

recipients heartily appreciated such help.

The youngest son of Staff-Captain and Mrs. Coles has been seriously ill for some weeks past, and this week has had to be taken to the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children for special treatment. Salvationists and friends will remember these comrades in prayer at this time of deep anxiety.

The father of Major W. Dray, of the Montreal Immigration Department passed away recently at Leyton, England. One other son, Major Harry Dray, is in Canada West, whilst Brother Charles Dray is Young People's Sergeant-Major at Toronto I.

An unfortunate accident befell Brother Uttman, of Hamilton III, who was injured by a motor when on his way to Open-air recently. This comrade sold 700 Christmas "War Crys" and 450 Army calendars.

A program, under the auspices of the Woodstock League of Mercy, was given recently at the local House of Refuge. More than sixty baskets of good things were given to the old folk as well.

A number of splendid songs from The Army's new Song Book are in-

THESE WONDERFUL WOMEN

A Christmas Sale of Work, held at Lorne House, in London (Home for Mothers and Infants) was presided over by Mrs. Bruce Dick, Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. Princess Louise, who was present to represent the Princess, the beloved patroness of this Home.

A message was read by Mrs. Holden from Her Royal Highness, who takes the deepest interest in Lorne House.

cluded in the Campaign Song Book which the Commissioner has compiled in connection with the "Regions Beyond" Campaign, and which can be obtained for five cents.

Our sympathy is extended to the bereaved relatives of Brother Burrell, of Riverdale (Toronto), who passed away recently. One son, Ensign Burrell, who was present at the passing of his father, is in charge of the Hamilton, Ohio, Corps.

A CORRECTION

In the "Cry" of December 27th we inadvertently mentioned that the Rev. Mr. Nickerson, of Florence, had passed away. This, happily, is not so, this warm Army friend being very much alive and active in Christian work.

FORTH TO THE "REGIONS BEYOND!"

IF ALL WERE EASY IF ALL WERE BRIGHT

Where would the Cross be,
Where would the fight?



"Feeling unwell?" said Band-Sergeant Jim

WHAT would you say of a Soldier on active service who wanted to pick and choose his duties? True, we have heard of men who adorned the significance of a wonderful word spelt w-a-n-g-l-e, but even they were more mischievous than wilfully and determinedly shirkers. Of course there are many things that the soldier is called to do what he would not deliberately desire perform, yet, when given a command he is under obligation to obey order.

How speedily and unexpectedly, how convincingly, this consideration flew through the mind of Jim as he walked through the changing shadows of an early evening. The roadway down he passed skirted a bit of and, in which an occasional was set in the grass under the Upon one of the seats, well Jim's view, was huddled a whom Jim felt drawn. e same time, so strangely are

we made, Jim was reluctant to cross the roadway. There was something about that bowed form which repelled the happy-spirited Band-Sergeant. Almost he had gone on his way, but the sight of the man's hat on the ground and the manner in which he held his head, pulled at Jim's heart-strings; moreover, there was a Voice within him which said, "Go!" So, orders being orders, he went. Nevertheless, he cogitated upon the soldier who picks and chooses and proceeded to give himself a mental castigation en route.

The man was a stranger to Jim, who supposed him to be drunk; but as he drew near the Salvationist noted the heavy revolver on the ground at his feet. Certainly that complicated matters.

"Feeling unwell?" said Jim, coming upon the unknown from the rear and placing a firm hand upon the drooping shoulder. But no answer came from the seated figure. Nevertheless it was obvious that the man

heard all, for he was conscious. "Can I do anything to help you?" asked Jim. "You seem to be in trouble."

"Yes, you can help," came the agitated reply; "you can shoot me. I haven't the courage to do it myself. My nerve's gone, so's my character, and my hope. I've lost everything, as I well deserve to do; but I lack most of all pluck enough to end it all. There's the gun; it's all ready for the job. End my miserable life and I'll be grateful forever."

"Scarcely a job for a Salvationist," answered Jim. The man started, and looked up for the first time.

"More shame for me to ask it of you," he said. "That only shows what I've come to. But if you could only do as I ask, it would be true service to humanity. I'm no good to myself nor to the world. I'd be better out of the way. But I know you won't do it."

"Say, though, you can help yourself," said Jim. "You can tell me your story. First, though, let me have that shooting iron. 'Twill be safer in my care." And with that lethal weapon awkwardly pocketed, Jim sat down beside the man.

"Let me have the whole thing," urged the Sergeant, for the man appeared reluctant. "It will ease your mind, I'm sure."

Little by little he drew out the sad account of foolish extravagance, of gambling resorted to as a means of making good the losses incurred, of embezzlement, of the coming of the auditors, of his wild flight from his home town, of the wife and child deserted in disgrace.

"Every minute I expect to feel the hand of the policeman on my shoulder. When you came to me just now I thought you were the law. I almost felt relieved, but there is no hope for me; I don't deserve any."

"One of the first things to do is to confess to God Whose law you have broken. Do you see that?"

"Yes, yes, I know. I was a church worker before I began to fly too high a kite. But I dare not ask His forgiveness!"

"Just as I am, without one plea," quoted the Sergeant. "That's the way to come back. Shall we pray

here?" Not at first could the dejected man be shaken from his gloomy despair, but in the end the urgency of the Salvationist won and they knelt there in the gathering darkness to seek the forgiveness of God.

"Now let us go and find our Officer."

"Beard the lion in his den, is my advice," said the Adjutant, when, the absconding clerk having partaken of a substantial meal, they considered the case. "I will accompany you and negotiate the interview. Don't be afraid. If it means prosecution and worse, we'll see you through to the end." But it was a difficult task to handle and much prayer needed to be offered and faith maintained. Yet courage triumphed and the way was wonderfully opened, at last, so that the wronged employer made satisfactory arrangements, husband and wife were reunited and, in a new set of circumstances a new home was established by The Army's aid. Best of all an endangered soul was saved.

As for Band-Sergeant Jim Norland, he is a happy man as he contemplates his share which began by triumphing over his reluctant feeling and doing his duty.

This story should hearten our comrades for any call which the "Regions Beyond" Campaign may make upon them. Let them remember the song which says: "Each Victory will help you some other to win!"

SOME QUESTIONS

For Those Who Have Deserted Their Posts

1. Have I been so happy as I was in The Army?
2. Am I as serene in my soul when I think of God, of Heaven, of Death, of Hell, as I was then?
3. Is my life as peaceful as it was when spent in The Army?
4. Are my heart and life as clean in the sight of God and man as they were?
5. Am I as much use to others?
6. Do my neighbors think of God and their souls when they see me now and wish they were marching with me?

HY Did You Leave?

Come Back Again—

SEE these people, Mr. Tompkins, they are guarantors in the case of Selton's application.

may consider it as good as answered Tompkins, as he office of the head executive. ing the necessary investigation Tompkins into a strange Nothing new in that, however; used to such visits. But that ulted in a tremendous awaknd decision.

in," said the lady who reh him. "Mr. Selton will be with a minute!" The room into e had been shown was as place as could be, but it had usual feature. On a small a silver-plated cornet, and cornet, casually placed there, y Bandsman's cap.

st Tompkins saw nothing out ordinary in this little group appeared as natural as could gradually it dawned upon t the days in which such a

A CORNET AND A CAP

A business visit which led to a great decision

sight would be usual in his house had long passed. And then his conscience, long deadened in this connection, awoke with stinging force.

The cornet, The Army cap! Oh yes, he had played one and worn the other in happy days of yore. He had not been near The Army since he had handed in the one and doffed the other. But he now saw that he had lost the sense of contentment which he used to have, had not known it ever since he had given up Army service. Why had he never seen it like this before?

Falling out of the ranks had resulted in losing touch with old friends; he had left the old town; he had drifted away from those old associations. And now — a godless, heedless, joyless soul—he just lived

on from day to day, "bored stiff," and expecting nothing from life but disappointment and disillusionment.

How he got through his business with the householder, who speedily came to the room, Tompkins does not know. All the time he was anxious to ask about the cap and the cornet. Presently he said:

"You've got a musician in the house?"

"My son," came the answer. "He plays in The Army Band—the Young People's Band."

"Catch 'em early, eh? Does he like it?"

"Ah, yes. And it's made such a difference in him since he's been with these people; he's happy all day long!"

Just two nights later Tompkins

found The Army Hall; he had been searching assiduously meantime. The first song was almost overwhelmingly convicting, and the prayer nearly broke his heart. Two testimonies fairly finished him; he came stumbling up the aisle all wrought up and dropped at the Mercy-seat a truly penitent man, eager to catch up with lost time, lost chances, lost joy.

One has to listen to his ready testimony, nowadays, to realize how great a joy he has found in the service of God.

There are many who slide and run away; there are some who stand on the sidewalk watching the Army procession go by. Are you one?

Now we are making an issue of this. You know how you feel every time The Army comes your way, whether with many or few to follow the Flag. Why not answer the call sounding in your heart? Fall in! Join in the "Regions Beyond" Campaign, and find pleasure in His service, more than all!

MAY GOD PROSPER THE CAMPAIGN!



LEAVE NOBODY OUT!

The "Regions Beyond" Campaign Calls for an All-in Endeavor

"I'M IN, you're in, he's in—we're all in!" Thus a song which one sometimes hears descriptive of the Army Band. And that statement holds good with regard to the "Regions Beyond" Campaign. It calls for All-in Endeavor.

But why has the artist given us a poultry yard illustration to cover this thought? Just this—even the chicks are in! By that he means even the children.

One of the objectives of the Campaign is the increase of attendance at Young People's meetings, and in other ways it is sought to advance, thus reaching "Regions Beyond." And our artist suggests that the "chicks" should help their own affairs.

Just how the young people of any Corps may help we can scarcely dic-

tate, for circumstances differ so; but one boy may bring another, and a girl may interest a school-chum and get her to attend a special meeting. It is not too much to expect that, on a particular occasion a boy or girl may invite father or mother, or both, to come to The Army.

Young People in many Corps assist by distributing "The War Cry" weekly. Why should not many hundreds more of our boys and girls find an uncle or aunt or friend or neighbor who does not read The Army paper and arrange to supply a copy every week?

Remember, we're all in! Make your plans, boys and girls; fix your arrangements with the Corps Officer for supplies, and find great joy in a new bit of Salvation service.

"REGIONS BEYOND"

BY COMMISSIONER JAMES HAY

"To preach the Gospel in the regions beyond you"

—2 Cor. 10:16

The "Regions Beyond" Campaign has for its object a call to the Salvationist to seek for venturesome, holy love, and burning passion for the souls of men.

1.—REGIONS BEYOND!

*The voice of Christ still seeks for world's domain,
While many of His sons heed not His call;
Alas, that easy standards still obtain,
While He is thirsting for His rights o'er all.*

2.—REGIONS BEYOND!

*What conquests fill His soul! What Heavenly grace!
What wide controls His gracious purpose prove;
When, when will all His blood-bought sons arise,
And offer service and unquestioning love?*

3.—REGIONS BEYOND!

*Beyond the visions lessened by self-love,
Where aims and objects centre on our own;
Beyond, with larger heart, we fain would move,
To souls aflame with fires that are Divine.*

4.—REGIONS BEYOND!

*Beyond restricted hope from fearful heart,
Where man's and sin's oppression stay our love;
Beyond the shame of duty seldom wrought,
To faith with larger soul He will approve.*

5.—REGIONS BEYOND!

*Beyond dull days that never share delight,
Where prayers and true affection seldom shine;
Beyond and still beyond to Calvary's height,
Where His great sacrifice shall capture mine.*

6.—REGIONS BEYOND!

*Beyond to wandering souls who may be found,
Rather than hopes that others take my place;
Beyond! Beyond! where I shall comprehend
The rapture of my Lord's approving face.*

7.—REGIONS BEYOND!

*Beyond to duties stirring conscience-dreams,
Beyond to bring men to His wondrous light;
Beyond to truly serve the souls of men,
To put to test His Holiness and might.*

8.—REGIONS BEYOND!

*Beyond a counted offering to suffice,
That seems too grudgingly attained;
Beyond to unrestricted sacrifice,
Resolved and dedicated and maintained.*

9.—REGIONS BEYOND!

*Beyond tho' peril meets on every hand,
Beyond tho' hill and dale may scar my feet;
At last, great Lover, by Thy side I stand,
Surrendered! all Thy gracious will to greet.*

10.—REGIONS BEYOND!

*Beyond with Princely Paul who scorned all ease,
Beyond with others of that noble breed;
Beyond to raise immortal proof for Christ,
That we are heroes, warriors, indeed.*

Put on Your Uniform!

Join in The Fight

"MAKE me a generous offer on this, Miss; I'm in need of the money!" said an old lady at the disused clothing store. The young woman behind the counter was strangely silent, for a while.

"Can't remember having one of those offered to us before," she said, presently. "Is it your own?"

"Assuredly it is. Want to see me put it on?" came the reply, truculently.

"Yes, perhaps you had better," this by way of "calling" the old lady's "bluff." Really the result was ludicrous, and the shop assistant laughed aloud, for the bonnet was perched on the old lady's head—backwards.

"Let me show you how it goes," offered the young woman.

"Looks as if you know something about it," grumbled the old lady.

"Oh yes, I used to wear one of these," came the answer, and the speaker turned towards a mirror to note the effect. One glance was more than enough, however. The picture

positively startled the shop assistant. For a long minute she was silent as she laid the bonnet on the counter. Then she asked:

"Exactly how did you come by this bonnet, Madam?"

"Found it in the wardrobe, left behind by one of my boarders," replied the other.

"Did she ever wear it from your house?"

"No, I never knew she had anything to do with The Army at all."

"Why do you wish to sell it?"

"I thought it might be worth something."

"Well, there is no market, Madam, for these things; but if you care to leave it with me I'll see if I can find a purchaser for you."

And that explains why Blodwen

Brown found herself, after five years' absence, seated in an Army Hall.

"Soon as the meeting is over," she told herself, "I'll get into conversation with one of these young women and offer to sell her a bonnet cheap."

But the meeting became hotter and hotter, and Blodwen steadily lost what she called "buckram"; she wilted. And when the Benediction had been pronounced, she fairly rushed from the Hall, declaring to herself that she would never return. Even so, however, two or three nights later found her seated again in the Hall. Meantime she had tried on that bonnet several times to her own undoing, for she was entirely conscience-stricken.

That night she spoke of the bonnet to a girl who had knelt at the Peni-

tent-form at the close of the meeting.

"I'll come and see it," answered the Convert. But when she arrived at the store the next day, she found Blodwen strangely disinclined to part with the headress.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the girl; "you look as if you needed to pray as I did. Is this your bonnet?"

"No, it was never mine; though I did wear one years ago."

"Let us kneel here," urged the Convert. "The first thing is for you to get right in your soul, and then we'll see about the bonnet."

It might have appeared strange to any observer that the two women knelt in the disused clothing store, with that bonnet between them; it was all right for Blodwen, got right with God. The old got the bonnet—for nothing—when, who bought a new "squared" the old lady said: Have you a discarded bonnet?

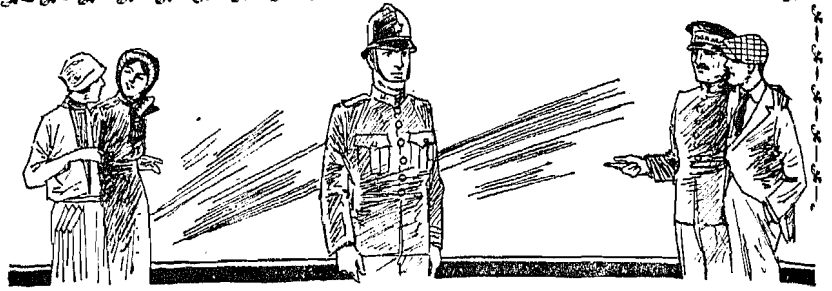
THE DISCARDED BONNET

Offered for sale it won more than a good price

RESCUED FROM

The Underworld

THE MONTREAL POLICE COURT OFFICERS ARE CONSTANTLY AT THE BECK AND CALL OF THOSE IN TROUBLE



"THERE is nothing we can do but go after her."

Carl Smith looked rather dubious. "If you can get her away from them I shall be eternally indebted to you," he remarked pessimistically, "but I have my doubts. You see, I've tried."

The Army Officer bade him a friendly farewell, and forthwith commenced to plan his campaign for the "capture" of Mary. She was Smith's sister and had been lured into a Chinese den in Montreal's underworld, and though the brother knew of her whereabouts he was powerless to effect a release.

One day shortly after, our Police Court Officer, in company with a plainclothesman descended into the Oriental section of the city. Down narrow, dirty streets, between ramshackle, mysterious buildings they threaded their way. Finally their destination was reached, a disreputable place, with a reputation as bad as its appearance was ugly.

Curious Eyes Peeping

Opening the door they found themselves in an odorous hallway, with eyes turning off to right and left. Curious eyes peered through the slit-apertures in the doors.

The plainclothesman knew his ground. At the end of the hallway was another door, leading into a small room. This the couple crossed, and passed through still another creepy corridor. It seemed as if they had entered an endless labyrinth, but after devious turnings the men found themselves in a tiny chamber at the very back of the house.

It contained little in the way of

furniture, and was almost dark. The intruders took no time to consider these details, however, for their attention was directed toward the tumble-down, unmade thing that served as a bed. On it defiantly sat the object of their search. She was a rather pretty creature, but her tattered clothing and dishevelled hair and gaze of scornful surprise made her anything but pleasant at the moment.

"Get out of here," she cried fiercely. "You think you are going to take me away, but you're not."

"Surely You Don't—!"

"But my dear girl," expostulated the Salvationist, surprised at her reluctance to forsake such a fearful hole, "surely you don't want to live in such hideous surroundings—"

Before he could finish the girl cried out again, "Get out, I say. I am going to get married soon." Lowering her voice she added, "I am marrying one of those men," and she pointed her finger significantly toward the hallway whence the intruders had come.

The two men held a hurried consultation. They could not legally force her, unless a charge of some sort were laid against her. "For the sake of her people, and her own sake, we must do something desperate. If she won't come voluntarily, then coercion must be used," was the upshot of the consultation.

That day the men left the dismal place, but shortly after they returned, empowered to arrest recalcitrant Mary. This time she was forced to leave. Then, through the mediation of The Army at Court she was taken

to our Montreal Receiving Home. Likely the struggle to bring her fully to her senses will be a long one. Yet even now, under the gracious ministry of Army women who know from practical experience the best way to deal with such cases, she is undergoing a gradual process of softening and refinement.

Needless to say, her relatives were more than overjoyed at the accomplishment of what to them, was the impossible.

This is but one instance of the varied and invaluable work carried on by The Army's Police Court Officers in Montreal. The interests of this department are not confined strictly to the courts, but embrace all forms of investigation work, and the Officers are constantly at the beck and call of those in trouble.

There is the case of a brutal husband who left his sick wife and two small children some few weeks ago. He craftily arranged all his affairs so that she could not get any money. He even went so far as to adjust his insurance matters in such a way, that though she was paying the premiums on the policy, he alone could draw the dividends.

Upon discovery that every source of income was closed to her after her husband's disappearance, the poor woman was at the point of distraction. She knew next to nothing of legal procedure.

At last, like a final flash out of the night, she thought of The Army. At once she made known her plight to a Salvationist, who advised that she request an interview with Commandant Trickey.

Rightful Support

The result of the visit was most happy, for The Army, acting on her behalf, re-arranged financial matters so that she is now getting enough from her husband for the rightful support of herself and the children.

There is a similar story of another wife and mother who had to leave her husband because of his brutal treatment, taking the four children with her. In this instance too, the wife would have been completely stranded with her bairns had not The Army answered the pitiful SOS signal. A non-support charge was laid against the husband, eventuating in the payment of a weekly sum adequate for the support of the deserted ones.

"FELLOWS HE HELPED"

A farewell service to Commandant Millar, conducted by Brigadier Byers, was held on Sunday at the Dundas Street Working Men's Hostel, Toronto.

There was a great rally of the "Old Boys" and Mr. Slackhouse, who was asked to speak for the men and employees, spoke of their great appreciation of the Commandant.

Quite a few of the men that were at the meeting were fellows the Commandant had helped on different occasions who now are doing well.

TWENTY YOUNG PEOPLE

WINDSOR I (Staff-Captain and Mrs. Earle) — On Sunday twenty young people knelt at the Cross, desiring to become workers for Jesus. A man also came who had been a backslider for nineteen years. We have faith for a mighty revival.

Commandant White and Corps Sergeant-Major Scott, from Orillia, prayed, and at the Memorial service seven souls came to the Cross.

May God sustain the bereaved.

If there is one class of people that may, more than another, be considered hopeless, it is the drug addicts. Yet even they have been transformed through Army ministry, or rather, the power of Christ using The Army as its medium, and scores of stories, teeming with the romance that surrounds any desperate struggle against evil, can be told of such reclaimed ones.

A few months ago a young fellow was sent to one of the Montreal jails. Though yet in his early twenties he was a victim of the cursed drug habit. The Army first came in contact with him in prison, when he requested an Officer to secure a shoe arch for him. Many conversations were held subsequent to that initial contact, and a marked difference in his attitude toward life in general was observed.

Going Straight

Finally he was released. Before he entered prison he had been a motor driver, but now a license was refused him. His efforts to secure work were futile. Some time passed before he ventured to turn to The Army again. It was ascertained that he had been going straight since his prison experience, therefore our Officer set about getting a job for him. His first position paid only \$16 a week, but being a man of initiative and ability, he advanced step by step until to-day he is the manager of a large cleaning and dyeing concern, earning \$40 a week.

A case of an altogether different type came to the attention of the Montreal office early last month. A woman, living in a Western Ontario city had sent for certain articles advertised by Montreal firms in the newspapers. She had heard nothing from the firms since, though she had written often.

At once The Army got on the track of the business houses in question only to find that one had only a fictitious existence, whilst the other had been taken over by the government. These facts, together with the assurance that the government would in all probability make refunds in the one instance, were dispatched to the enquirer. She was strongly advised at the same time not to place too much confidence in the advertisements of unknown people.

CONVERTS STAND GROUND

TORONTO I (Ensign and Mrs. Gage) — The meetings conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Burton, assisted by Adjutant and Mrs. Green, stirred and blessed us. Then we were visited by Ensign Bert Wood, late of South Africa. His illustrated lecture on the Saturday evening was most interesting, as were the curios he exhibited. In the rousing Salvation meeting on Sunday, five souls sought the Saviour.

Captain Gennery accompanied the men Cadets on a recent Sunday morning, his Bible address being most helpful. The Cadets led a bright Praise meeting, and the evening service was led by Captain Bullough, who is now Soldiering at Toronto I. The Captain delivered a pointed address and we rejoiced over seekers. Our converts are taking their stand for God.

Cheer and happiness were brought to a group of Wingham's needy boys and girls at Christmas time. The Officers and Brother and Sister Law gathered them together for a Christmas party, which they thoroughly enjoyed, "Spec" informs us.

Through the Gates of the City

Two Valued Comrades of the Peterboro Corps Answer the Home Call

THER L. HALCROW

SISTER MRS. V. LANG

Unexpectedly God has called our Lawrence Halcrow to his rest from Peterboro Corps. He resented at all Sunday's meetings, at a Young People's Band rehearsal on the Monday evening, in which he witnessed, with pardonable grief, three of his sons taking part; following two days at work he taken to hospital, where he passed away the next day.

For many years our comrade served as a Bandsman here and in and, being the son of Retired Divisional-Bandmaster Halcrow, of the 1st Shropshire, and while of late he had been unable to play, his interest in Corps and Kingdom of God did not wane.

The widow, the daughter, who is now a Young People's Bandsman, J. Halcrow, a brother, and the rest of the family, God has proved a faithful support in their trial.

A large crowd of friends and comrades, also workmates of our comrade, gathered at the Hall to pay last respects to this faithful comrade. The Funeral service was conducted by Adjutant Jones and Ignatius Feltham. Eleven souls came to the Cross at the Memorial service.

The Peterboro Temple Corps had not recovered from the shock of the loss of one valued comrade when God saw fit to take another Soldier to her reward. After a little life had been given by God to our comrades, Brother and Sister Victor Lang, He saw fit to take Home the mother, who is the daughter of Brother and Sister Herge.

Our comrade had been associated with the Young People's work, the League of Mercy, the Home League and Songster Brigade. For a few months she was a Soldier and Songster at Orillia. Sister Lang was loved by all; her happy spirit making her a blessing and cheer to all she came in contact with. A sterling Salvationist, she lived for the work of God, and always urged her husband on in his duties as a Bandsman.

The Funeral service was largely attended, many of those with whom our Sister formerly worked being present. Mrs. Ensign Clark, a close friend, spoke feelingly of her associations with the departed comrade.

Adjutant Jones conducted the service, at which Mrs. Brigadier Green read the Scriptures, and brought a message of blessing. Mrs. Com-

THE NEW BAND JOURNAL

Canada Again Represented by a Stirring March

The Ordinary Series Band Journal for December, containing Nos. 1021-1024, should appeal to all. Canadian comrades will naturally be especially interested in Journal No. 1021, "The Maple Leaf" march, the latest from the pen of Staff-Captain Coles.

"Songs of the Fight" is the title of the selection featured (No. 1022) and this comes from the pen of Bandmaster Mountain, of Sheffield, a composer of increasing merit.

A meditation on the old tune "Dennis" is supplied by Bandmaster Dockerill, of Plumstead, for No. 1023, is a very good first effort in this form of composition.

Another march, "Turn to the Lord" (No. 1024) is from the pen of Bandmaster E. A. Smith, of Swindon, I.

CHRISTIE STREET PADRE

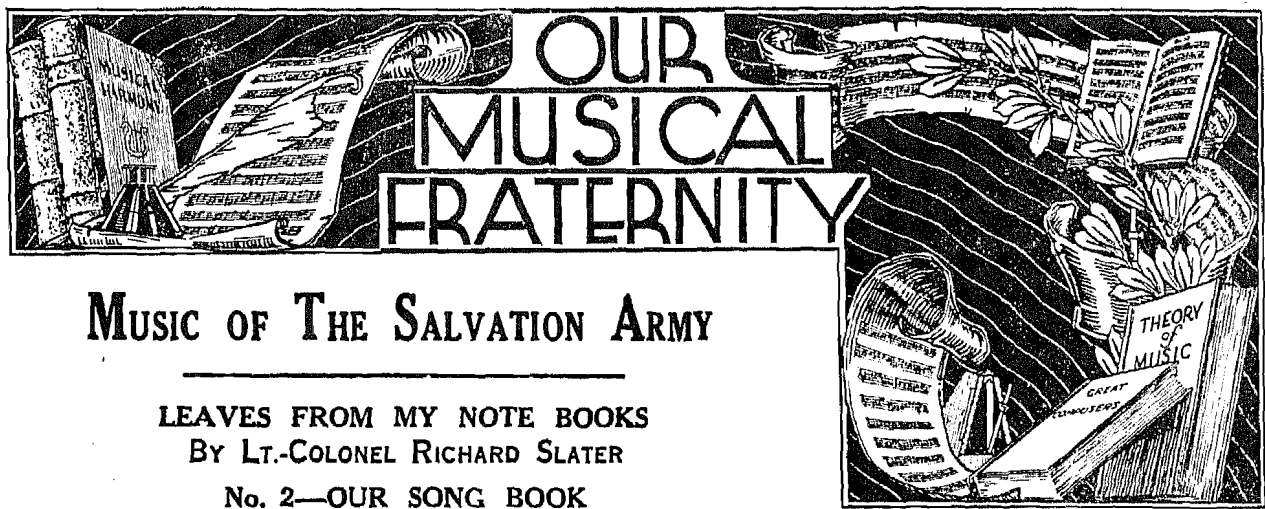
Presides at Earls court Musical

The announcement that Rev. Captain Sidney Lambert, the highly-respected Chaplain of the Christie Street Hospital, Toronto, would preside at the New Year Sunday afternoon Musical meeting, sponsored by the Earls court Band, resulted in the night being packed with friends and visitors from far and near.

Captain Lambert's address, the main item of the program, was listened to with rapt attention, and contained much calculated to inspire, encourage and cheer. Welcome newcomers amongst the audience were patients from Christie Street Hospital, and Ensign and Mrs. W. Walton of South Africa.

The program by Band and Songsters, as usual, delighted the audience.

Earlier in the day the Band dispensed musical cheer and blessing to the patients at Christie Street, including one of their own Bandsmen, Stanley Jacobson, who was specially delighted when the Band conducted a short service in the ward where he lies sick.



MUSIC OF THE SALVATION ARMY

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE BOOKS

By LT.-COLONEL RICHARD SLATER

No. 2—OUR SONG BOOK

ONE VERY important aspect of the musical life of The Army takes the form of congregational singing. Both at the indoor and outdoor meetings of The Army, a great deal of time is given to singing. It was so at the very beginning of The Army's history. Singing was a form of musical activity which preceded any use of instruments.

Whatever degree of musical progress may be made with instruments, singing for The Army's purpose must take first place in our regard. No other form of music can, or should, take its place in the labor of Salvationists.

Much singing, and that of a most hearty character, has been a feature of Army work everywhere. To aid such singing many song books have been made as the years have gone by. The Founder always counted among his most important tasks that of song book making. Standing out among Army Song Books as the three chief, because of the number of songs contained in them as well as the character of their compilation, are the first, dated about 1873, and those of 1899 and 1930.

The first was the large Christian Mission Song Book of 532 songs. After the change of name from Christian Mission to Salvation Army at Christmas 1876, a new edition of this book appeared, but with the important addition of a supplement of 101 songs, so making a total of 633,

and the striking change of title to Salvation Army Songs. Only a very few of these songs were by Officers or people serving under the Founder; so the book was really a selection of existing songs, preference being given to those from revival sources.

The Song Book of 1899 contained 870 songs and a section of 216 choruses. In preparation for this book I, by the Founder's instruction, gathered all likely material, going through 11,000 songs, both from hymn-books of all kinds as well as from The Army's own sources, for a vast outburst of song creation had marked The Army's life since the 1873 book was compiled. The Founder and a council of high Officers sat several times to consider the materials submitted for the new book, making a final selection of 870 songs and 216 choruses.

For over thirty years the book did great and very real service. For several reasons, as the years went by, revision was thought desirable; for increasing the scope of the new book the number of songs was raised to 1,003. The chorus section, which had proved so valuable a feature of the 1899 book was enlarged to take in 730. So, with its 1,003 songs and 730 choruses, the 1930 Song Book is the greatest Song Book achievement that The Army has made. What a storehouse of material for all forms of congregational singing has been provided for Salvation-

ists! It is of interest to make some comparisons between the three chief Army Song Books.

The 1873 book was hardly indebted in any way to the Founder and his people for original songs. The 1899 book presented a marvellous difference in this respect, for by this time The Army had its writers of verses as well as composers of accompanying music. With some regret we note that the 1930 book does little to add to original songs in its pages from Army sources compared with the 1899 book.

The 1899 book contained 237 more songs than the book of 1873, or rather, the enlarged book of 1878; the 1899 book was surpassed by the 1930 book by 133 songs which it did not contain, with the addition of 514 fresh choruses. The following figures are results of comparing the books of 1899 and 1930 as to certain writers whose songs find a place in them. The order of writers is that of from the largest to the smallest number of songs.

Writer	No. of Songs (1899)	No. of Songs (1930)
C. and J. Wesley	105	100
H. H. Booth	35	35
	and parts of 4 more	and parts of 4 more
The late Col. Pearson	30	26
Lieut.-Col. R. Slater	22	23
	and parts of 4 more	and parts of 4 more
Dr. I. Watts	19	15
The late Com. Lawley	18	14
F. W. Fry	18	7
The late Com. Railton	8	7
The late Capt. Bateman	7	6
The late Com. Booth-Tucker	6	5
Ballington Booth	6	3
The late General Bramwell Booth	5	5
Dr. P. Doddridge	5	5
The late Bandmaster C. Fry	5	5
The late Harry Davis	5	3
The Founder	4	4
The Marchale (Mrs. Booth-Clibborn)	3	3
Comdr. E. Booth	3	3
Com. Mrs. Booth-Hellberg	2	3

From these figures it is clear he definitely marked by song-making capacity was the Founder and I family.

Some figures as to the chorus sections of the books of 1899 and 1930 now follow:

Writer	No. of Choruses (1899)	No. of Choruses (1930)
H. H. Booth	27	46
Lieut.-Col. R. Slater	33	33
F. W. Fry	6	8
The late Captain J. C. Bateman	7	7
The late Col. Pearson	3	3
Ballington Booth	4	4
Comdr. E. Booth	2	2
The late Com. Lawley	—	—
The late Bandmaster C. Fry	1	1
The late General Bramwell Booth	7	7
Com. Mrs. Booth-Hellberg	—	—

THE "REGIONS BEYOND" CAMPAIGN

Special Leaders have been appointed to lead Meetings in the Campaign as follows:

Toronto East Division:

RIVERDALE—January 9 to January 19
EAST TORONTO—January 9 to January 19
NORTH TORONTO—January 24 to February 2
GREENWOOD—January 11 to January 18
OSHAWA—January 27 to February 2
PETERBORO—January 31 to February 9
RHODES AVENUE—January 17 to January 25

Halifax Division:

BRIDGEWATER—February 1 to February 8
HALIFAX I—January 11 to January 24
KENTVILLE—January 10 to January 18
NEW GLASGOW—January 18 to January 24
PARSBORO—January 13 to January 30
SPRINGHILL—January 24 to January 30
STELLARTON—January 25 to February 7
YTRURO—February 7 to February 18
YARMOUTH—January 23 to January 29

North Bay Division:

COBALT—January 17 to January 24
LITTLE CURRENT—January 3 to January 10
KIRKLAND LAKE—January 17 to January 23
NORTH BAY—January 18 to January 25
SAULT STE. MARIE—January 24 to January 31
TIMMINS—January 24 to January 31

Training Garrison Staff, Band and Brigades of Cadets will do 7-day Campaigns from January 27 to February 2, at the following places:—
HAMILTON I, GALT, BRANTFORD, GUELPH and OSHAWA.

Invite your friends and neighbors to accompany you to these special revival meetings

Hamilton Division:

KITCHENER—February 7 to February 16
PARIS—January 10 to January 19
ST. CATHARINES—January 17 to January 27
WELLAND—February 28 to March 9
BRANTFORD—January 27 to February 2
GALT—January 27 to February 2
GUELPH—January 27 to February 2
HAMILTON I—February 21 to March 2
HAMILTON V—January 16 to January 25

Windsor Division:

CHATHAM—January 25 to February 3
SANDWICH—February 7 to February 17

Toronto West Division:

NEWMARKET—January 11 to January 17
SCARLETT PLAINS—January 18 to January 26
SWANSEA—January 18 to January 26
TORONTO TEMPLE—January 17 to January 26

Sydney Division:

GLACE BAY—January 11 to January 18
SYDNEY—January 11 to January 18
SYDNEY MINES—January 11 to January 18
NEW WATERFORD—January 18 to January 26
NORTH SYDNEY—January 18 to January 26
NEW ABERDEEN—January 25 to February 1
WHITNEY PIER—January 25 to February 1

London Division:

INGERSALL—January 12 to January 18
Stratford—January 11 to January 17
WIARTON—January 25 to January 31

All Around the World

A Survey of Current Happenings

ALL NATIONS—ONE BLOOD

Color prejudice is an emotion of contempt for something not like ourselves, or for what we consider to be lower

TO THE question of color prejudice, which has fostered so much heart-burning and gross injustice, a comprehensive and tolerant contribution comes from none other than a present-day black—Aggrey of Africa: "The presence of something that is not like ourselves always produces an emotion, either of admiration for something not like ourselves but higher, or an emotion of contempt for what we consider to be lower. Psychologically, color prejudice is the emotion of contempt for something not like yourself. You can never beat prejudice by a frontal attack, because there is more emotion at the root of it. Always flank it. You can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar!" To this sensible opinion may be added the lustrous records of colored men with white souls, narrated in

Holy Writ. Turn to Jeremiah and warm your soul with the tender story of Ebedmelech, the Ethiopian, and his noble rescue of the victimized prophet from the slimy dungeon; of the kindly deed of Simon of Cyrene for Jesus, when he bore the Saviour's Cross.

It is surely not a coincidence that the men who have spoken most highly of the negroid races are those who have lived and labored among them—the lion-hearted Livingstone, Robert Laws, Donald Fraser, Dan Crawley. And may we not justifiably add the names of The Army's "Livingstone"—Commissioner Allister Smith, and of Commissioner James Hay, who, in a recent Toronto meeting declared with fine fervor that if he could re-live his life, he would educate himself specifically for the natives of South Africa.

DISTILLING RUBBER

RUBBER has, until recently defied any attempt to disclose its composition. Now, for the first time in history it has been distilled, and there are possibilities of the structure and composition of the product being definitely known and thus of synthetic rubber being produced from common sources such as coal.

In reducing the rubber to crystals, the experimenter procured the purest rubber yet made. A lengthy process of purification made the block of rubber as transparent and colorless as window glass. This material, cooled to eighty degrees below zero, Centigrade, formed minute crystals of rubber, plainly visible under a magnifying glass. It was even possible to photograph the minute crystals.

The process of distillation the glass rubber was placed in a vacuum at one hundred degrees Centigrade temperature, making it separate from one side of a flask solidifying on the other.

THE MODERN LONDON

THE latest London Doomsday Book, the first issue of which appeared in the direction of William the Conqueror in 1085-1086, presents striking comparisons between London of forty years ago and city of to-day.

Despite an eighty per cent. increase in that time in the cost of living, workers to-day can buy one-third more food with one hour less labor a week. The Londoner consumes half his former quantity of food, but has doubled his smoking. He travels about much more than he used to, reads a greater number of books, but this is offset by a tendency to increase in his danger from street accidents.

A surprising fact is the gradual disappearance of the Cockney dialect, which the Bow Bells' region was noted, and the increased appearance of the dialect in the Antipodes.

The familiar and picturesque "by" is now found more easily in the volume of Dickens' than in Trafalgar Square; ancient landmarks are disappearing and a more modern, if less romantic, London is emerging.

Eighty per cent. of the people of London are farmers whose income is less than ten dollars a year.

PHOTOGRAPHING POWER

ELECTRIC arcs have been photographed and resemble in a remarkable way the exquisite tracery of delicate lace or a gossamer picture of bright and dark bands emerging from a misty halo.

The striated arcs are made by bringing one end of a 150,000 volt wire close enough to the other terminal for an arc to jump across. Once started, the arc retains its form until "stretched to death" when the terminals are pulled far apart.

In order to find out what happens at various points on the changing voltage wave, an electrically timed camera was used. This camera has a synchronous shutter consisting of a motor-driven disk with four radial slots, rotation of which times the camera to take pictures of the arc at any desired portion of the voltage wave. The pictures it makes show the physical characteristics of unleashed electricity and have helped scientists in solving the problem of the behavior of electric arcs.

JUST A LINE

I have the best job in the world: I make men and women laugh and sing.—Sir Harry Lauder.

Pacifism is being an active peacemaker instead of a passive warmonger.—Mr. Edgar Granville, M.P.

New Jersey is breaking up the barrels seized in raids on illicit breweries and giving them to the poor. This seems to be one way of staving off adversity.—Boston Herald.

At bottom man is not what he sees, but what he feels; the beatitude of perfect sight depends upon the heart.—Prof. A. F. Pollard.

Instability, whether it be of revolutions in some countries or uncertainty through parliaments, is one of the largest factors in the present world crisis.—Mr. Owen D. Young.

The impression grows in Central Europe that this is a "peace to end peace."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

The way to save money is to spend it.—American Lumberman (Chicago).

News item states that German scientists have succeeded in producing artificial fog. If they could succeed in dispelling mental fog it would be a real accomplishment.—Ottawa Journal.

The word depression must be getting worn out on the printing presses.—Charles G. Dawes, United States Ambassador to Great Britain.

In disarmament, I believe it is more dangerous to go slowly than to go quickly.—Mr. David Davies.

A PEACEFUL PALESTINE

WE CANNOT force Arabs and Jews to become good Palestinians (comments the "Birmingham Post.") If that happy goal is to be reached the Arab must recognize that Palestine is not his to keep in its old conditions; the Jew must realize that Palestine is not merely a new country to be exploited. They must compromise on a gradual development in which both races share. On that rests ultimately, the future of the country—both its material prosperity and its promotion to complete self-government. If the White Paper proposals are loyally accepted and honestly worked by both Jew and Arab, one can imagine a Palestine, in a not distant future, which will offer to both Jew and Arab opportunities at present withheld.

CENTURY OF ELECTRICITY

IN LONDON, England, next year, centenary Faraday celebrations will be held. In the Spring of 1831 the electrical pioneer began his experiments on the induction of electric currents, and on August 29th he made the discovery in which lies the origin of the dynamo, and the genesis of the utilization of electric energy.

Faraday's diary, for that memorable day, records that he wound two coils of wire on to opposite sides of a soft iron ring, connecting one coil to a battery and the other to a galvanometer. At "make" and "break" of the battery circuit he observed deflections of the galvanometer connected in the other circuit.

In less than a hundred years this simple experiment has given rise to the science of electrical engineering, and to the great electrical industry, in all its phases as we know it to-day.

GIRDLING GLOBE WITH SOUND-WAVES

IT HAS now been proved possible to talk to oneself around the world! The first west-east round-the-world hook-up with the United States and Australia was recently undertaken by a Schenectady radio station. The voice of the announcer left Schenectady, was received in Huizen, Holland, where it was relayed and picked up at Bandoeng, Java, and re-transmitted to Sydney, where the engineers sent it on to Schenectady, connecting the circuit.

The announcer's voice came back like an echo, each syllable repeating itself an eighth of a second later, the returning words being easily understood.

The circumnavigation of the globe, by voice, is illustrated in this forceful way:

"The transmitters at Huizen, Bandoeng, and Sydney might be likened to remount stations. The 20,000 horses of Schenectady carried the voice to Huizen, where a like number of horses took up the burden. Arriving at Java, 10,000 horses were dispatched to Sydney, and at that point fresh mounts crossed the Pacific and the American continent. Electrical impulses travel at a speed of 186,000 miles per second. The distance covered was approximately 22,900 miles, and a very small fractional part of a second was taken in remounting at the widely separate points."

THE SALT OF OLD AGE

THAT a vital necessity of life is salt of sodium, formed by its combination with chlorine, is well-known. A French physician, of the Academy of Medicine, now advances the theory that another chlorid—that of magnesium—is equally valuable in old age. It will positively prolong life, he avers, and is practically effective in warding off cancer.

"It seems certain to me," he declares, "that at the moment physical decline comes on, the magnesium diminishes, while the calcium increases. Everything that we know of this chemical activity of magnesium, of its power of synthesis in organo-magnesian compounds, of its action in forming chlorophyll, authorizes the conclusion that its diminution plays a part in senility, or at least in certain of its phenomena. And this idea is fully confirmed by the fact that led me to undertake this investigation—namely, that the absorption of magnesium causes certain phases of senility to disappear."


"It would be highly interesting to know why magnesium diminishes with old age. There can hardly be

more than two hypotheses; either an insufficiency of it is taken with the food, or the cells have become incapable of fixing it.

"We may perhaps say, using (or possibly abusing) a justly celebrated formula, that the elective power of fixation possessed by the cells diminishes progressively before disappearing, so that during a certain period their power is reduced, though not abolished, and they are then capable of utilizing the magnesium when supplied to them in excess."

VILLAGE BUILT ON SALT

A PRIMITIVE community of Indians which is established on the surface of a bed of salt is a remarkable monument of Nature being made accessible to tourists at Yztapan, Mexico. In this strange village an ancient custom still adhered to is that of using salt on Sundays as a medium of exchange. On the outskirts of the village is a natural bridge of solid salt which spans a creek. From the sides of the glistening phenomenon congealed salt hangs like icicles.



Receiving—

A story showing that one reaps more than one sows

as Narrated to Brig Jas. A. Hawkins

THE STORY THUS FAR

The subject of our story, now living in Toronto, recalls her childhood days in Limehouse, a poor, working-class district of East London. Vividly she recalls the first occasion on which she met an Army procession and the impression she received at the first meeting she attended. Her father was a sea-faring man; her mother was dead, and her grandmother kept house for them. Her father was opposed to her attending The Army meetings, and she received a strapping when it was known she had been to "The Penny Gaff," where meetings were held.

Accompanied by two girl-chums she went again, and in this meeting gave her young heart to Jesus. Her father had now left for sea.

Soon after this she started to work in a factory, and though having to endure a measure of persecution, the heart of the young believer was full of joy.

Then one evening her father returned home and announced the fact that he had obtained a job ashore. She boldly asked him whether he objected to her attending The Army meetings, and was told that if she persisted in going he would thrash her.

Her grandmother, however, was more favorably disposed, and unknown to the girl's father, contrived to plan so that she could attend the meetings secretly.

But her father discovered her secret and gave her the choice of either severing her connection with The Army or of leaving home. After much prayer and struggling she chose the latter, and became enrolled as a Soldier.

CHAPTER IX I Leave Home

"YOU are not looking so bright as I thought you would to-night," said the Young People's Sergeant-Major. He and I were rubbing shoulders in the crowd as we made our way into the streets. "Is she, Missus?" he added, turning to his wife, who was at his other side.

"Perhaps she is feeling the weight of the responsibility she has undertaken in becoming a Soldier," suggested the sweetly smiling woman.

"No, it is not that," I answered, and then I told them of my dilemma.

"You mean to be true, even though it costs you your home?" said the Sergeant-Major.

"Oh, yes!" I replied. "I'm going to preach Jesus by my life, as the Staff-Captain said; even though it must be as He went through life—homeless." But the tears welled up into my eyes as I sensed the sympathy which came out to me from this understanding couple. I felt I could bear up against unkindness; I was steeled to endure hardness; but the tenderness of this compassionate

couple was almost too much for me.

"Don't cry, my dear. And don't worry a bit. You can come to us and sleep with the girls. Our home shall be your home. Homeless, indeed, and because you are true to the Saviour! Not if we know it, eh, George?" And George made a speedy and reassuring echo. "You can come now, if you like," he added, without regard to any necessity for preparation.

"Well, to-morrow night, anyway," said Mrs. Sergeant-Major; "you will be all right for to-night, my dear, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, thank you. But I'll come to-morrow night, as you suggest," I answered.

But it was with a heavy heart that I turned my steps homeward for the last time! Really it was too bad that I should have been robbed of the exquisite joy that would have been mine this night, but for my father's threat. My spirit was capable of a vast exaltation on such an occasion as being sworn-in a Salvation Soldier. Notwithstanding that it was difficult work, I was keen for it all—for Christ's sake.

As I turned into our street I found

myself involved in a good sample of a wrestling match. A fury of arms and hands enveloped me and I was, for the moment, at a loss to account for the attack, for I suffered no hurt, rumpled though I was.

"Floss, you are not going to leave us are you? Say you won't! You won't join The Army, will you? If you do you'll have to leave home. No, say you're not going to join The Army!"

"But I have joined The Army, Sue," I said, for I now saw that it was my own sister who had been lying in wait for me. Poor child, how sad she was; and how additionally saddened was I by her sadness!

The next day, without further word from, or with, my father, I left my home, and I went to live with the Sergeant-Major's family. I went gladly, as

far as these good people were concerned, for how welcome they made me! But I missed my home, and every time I went near the street, I passed through and went to look at the house. If I knew my father was out I went inside to see my grandma.

(To be continued)



"You won't join The Army, will you? If you do you will have to leave home"

Peace on Earth

... being a plea for peace as from all that mighty host of soldiers who have fallen in wars since wars began.

We are the "Unknown Soldiers" and the known;
We came from cottage, castle and the throne,
And fain would rest upon earth's bosom chaste,
Would ye but cease to plan to war and waste.

'Twas said that we were "young and brave and true,"
We loved—were loved. We sinned as you and you.
To us the dawn was sweet—the days not long,
And evening always brought a merry song.

On every land of earth and restless tide,
Both friend (alas!) and foe we fought . . . we died.
Some fell for FREEDOM—some for CONSCIENCE fell—
Or PLUNDER, or REVENGE—who now will tell?

For we are comrades now—a mighty host,
That fell in homeland and on distant coast;
Fell when the world was young and fell to-day,
Yet comrades now—and comrades we will stay!

Fight on, ye earth-born? If insane ye will,
But know: It is a brother man ye kill,
And women's broken hearts ye rend in twain,
Make children weep again and yet again.

We are the victors, only we who died . . .
Ye are the victims, all ye who abide . . .
Go bear the CRIPPLED, lead the NEWLY BLIND,
Care for the WAR-WORN SICK, the VOID OF MIND . . .

Ye needs must heal in hearts each broken trust,
And pay—and pay—and pay—in gold ye must,
O God! Let men war-preparations cease . . .
Come, PEACE ON EARTH—on all the earth come PEACE!

—Copyright, William E. Dyer, Toronto

Coming Events

COMMISSIONER & MRS. HAY

WOODBINE, Wed Jan 14
OAKVILLE, Thurs Jan 15
BANSFORTH, Sun Jan 18 (Night only)
GREENWOOD, Mon Jan 19
WYCHWOOD, Tues Jan 20
HAMILTON, Sun Jan 25 (Young People's Day)
BRAMPTON, Wed Jan 28
BIRCH CLIFF, Thurs Jan 29
LONG BRANCH, Wed Feb 4
LEASIDE, Thurs Feb 5
TORONTO EAST, Sun Feb 8 (Young People's Day)
TORONTO WEST, Sun Feb 15 (Young People's Day)
(Colonel Adby and Major Spooner will accompany at Young People's Days)

LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER HOE
Riverdale, Jan 9 to 13

THE CHIEF SECRETARY (Colonel Dalziel)

Parliament Street, Wed Jan 14
Lippincott, Thurs Jan 15
Montreal I, Sun Jan 18
Mount Dennis, Thurs Jan 22
Mimico, Wed Jan 28
Brock Avenue, Thurs Jan 29
North Toronto, Sun Feb 1 (Morning)
Danforth, Sun Feb 1 (Afternoon)
Riverdale, Sun Feb 1 (Evening)

Colonel Adby: Galt, Sat Mon Jan 19; St. Stephen, Wed Feb 18; Fredericton, Thurs Fri 20; St. John I, Sat Mon 23
Colonel McAmmond: Gravenhurst, Thurs 15; Bracebridge, Fri 16; North Bay, Sat Sun 18; Sudbury, Mon 19; Parry Sound, Tues 20
Colonel Morehen: Toronto I, Sat Jan 17 to Mon Jan 20; Peterboro, Sat Jan 31 to Mon Feb 9
Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Morris: Mount Dennis, Sun Jan 18 (night); Weston, Sun 25 (night)
Lieut.-Colonel Sims: Dovercourt (afternoon and evening) Sun Jan 11; Kingston, Sat Sun 25
Brigadier Bloss: West Toronto, Sun Jan 11; St. Catharines, Sat Sun 18
Brigadier Burton: Oakville, Thurs Jan 15; Wychwood, Fri 16; Lippincott, Sun 18; Wychwood, Tues Wed 21; Mount Dennis, Thurs 22
Brigadier Mrs. Green: Welland, Sun Jan 1 to Wed Jan 14; Oshawa, Sat Jan 17 to Tues Jan 20; Chatham, Sun Jan 25 to Tues Feb 3; Sandwich, Sat Feb 7 to Wed Feb 17
gadier Hawkins: Lisgar Street, Sat Sun Jan 18
gadier Macdonald: Preston, Sun Jan 8; Hamilton, Sat Sun 25
gadier Ritchie: Bedford Park, Thurs Jan 15; Fenslon Falls, Sat Sun 18; Greenwood, Mon 19
Major Owen: North Bay, Sat Jan 18 to Sun 25; New Liskeard, Tues 30; Kirkland Lake, Sat 31
Major Spooner: Parliament Street, Sun Feb 1
Staff-Captain Ellery: St. John I, Wed Jan 14; St. John II, Fri 16; Sackville, Sat Fri 23; Summerside, Sat Thurs 29
Staff-Captain Riches: Sackville, Wed Jan 14; St. John II, Fri 16; Chatham, Sat Sun 18; Campbellton, Mon 19; Newcastle, Tues 20; Et. John III, Fri Thurs 29
Staff-Captain Wilson: Whitney Pier, Wed Jan 14; Glace Bay, Thurs 15; Florence, Sun 18; New Waterford, Wed 1; North Sydney, Sun 25; Sydney, Tues 27; New Aberdeen, Wed 28
(Continued at foot of column 4)

PLUCKINGS From The FIELD

"White Gifts for the King" Cheer Needy

TORONTO I (Ensign and Mrs. Gage) — An attractively decorated Citadel greeted us on Christmas Sunday morning when Ensign and Mrs. J. Wood were in charge of the services. This was also the farewell of the Brigade of Cadets. The singing of Christmas carols brought much blessing, as did the duets by the visitors. The Holiness address, given by Mrs. Ensign Wood, was full of inspiration.

In an unusual meeting, conducted in the afternoon, certain Cadets gave brief talks on the different names attributed by Isaiah to the new-born King. In the evening service "White Gifts for the King" were presented. These were later made up into parcels and sent to cheer the needy. The Bible address by Ensign Wood was very helpful.

The Christmas Demonstration, on Monday evening, was presided over by Major Spooner. The prizes for Company meeting attendance were presented.

Last Sunday evening a number of the nurses from the Women's Hospital conducted an interesting Salvation meeting. An unusual feature of this

service was the presence of a number of Finnish ladies, who brought along their guitars and sang two selections in their own language. It helped us to realize that regardless of nationality, we are all one in Christ. On Saturday evening we had two Indian brothers in the meeting who testified.

GLIMPSES OF MISSION WORK

AURORA (Adjutant Clague, Ensign Clague) — Ensign Barr conducted helpful meetings on a recent Sunday. His glimpses of missionary work were especially interesting. The Home League workers held their sale on Saturday. It was opened by Mr. J. Walton.

On another Sunday Captain Turner, accompanied by her parents, and Bandsman Bramwell, and Sister Esther Perry led the meetings. Three young people surrendered.

Last Sunday our Young People's Annual was held.

WESTVILLE, N.S. (Captain Page, Lieutenant Williams) — On Monday evening our Christmas program was held. Mr. McQuarrie, M.P., acted as chairman.

CRUSADING CRUSADERS

A Toronto East Enterprise

Brigadier Ritchie and his comrades Officers of Toronto East Division are to be congratulated on an enterprising program which they have drawn up in connection with the "Regions Beyond" Campaign. A party of two dozen Campaigners, christened for the nonce the "Crusaders," has been formed, and includes a vocal octet, under Ensign I. Broom, an instrumental sextet, under Ensign Jolly, and a small orchestra, under Adjutant McBain.

The Divisional Commander will have supreme command, and will lead the Crusaders in campaigns as follows:

Birch Cliff, Thurs., Jan. 8; Bedford Park, Tues., Jan. 15; Todmorden, Tues., Jan. 20; Woodbine, Tues., Jan. 27; Leaside, Tues., Feb. 3; Rhodes Ave., Tues., Feb. 10; North Toronto, Tues., Feb. 17; Riverdale, Tues., Feb. 24; Byng Ave., Tues., March 3; Parliament, Tues., March 10; Greenwood, Tues., March 17; Yorkville, Tues., March 24; East Toronto, Tues., March 31; Danforth, Tues., April 7; Bowmanville, Tues., April 14; Oshawa, Tues., April 21; Whitby, Tues., April 28.

WE MISS YOU

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar, should, where possible, be sent with enquiry, to help defray expenses.

In the case of women, please notify Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

CORBETT, Chrissie — Age about thirty; height 5 ft.; black hair; black eyes; left Paisley, Scotland, about 1925. Last heard from in St. Catharines, in 1929. Information urgently requested.

HEATHER, Florence — Age about 51 years. Last heard of in Owen Sound, in 1909. Mrs. Mary Bobier, a cousin, is anxious for information.

CLELLAND, Thomas — Age 17 or 18. Scotch. Occupation in 1929, Factory hand in Peterboro, Ont. Last known address, 198 Lake Street, Peterboro, Ont. Mother, in Glasgow, enquiring. 18219

CRANE, Mrs. Charles (nee Emily Agnes Keeling) — Came to Canada from England in 1888. Heard from in 1891, from Kingston, Ontario, also Montreal, Quebec. Information requested.

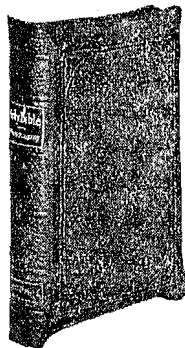
(Continued from foot of column 1)
Field-Major Campbell: North Toronto, Sat Jan 24 to Mon Feb 2
Field-Major Parsons: East Toronto, Fri Mon Jan 9 to 19
Field-Major Urquhart: Parliament St., Sun Jan 18
Salvation Singers: Swansea, Thurs Jan 22

YOUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S DAY

— WILL SOON BE HERE! —

Young People of the Hamilton Division — BE READY!

TAKE YOUR
BIBLE WITH YOU



Priced at:
30c., 40c., 45c.,
\$1.75 \$2.75
1.90 3.75
2.00 6.00

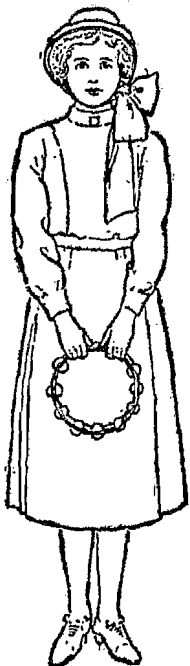
BIBLE WALLETS
\$3.75 and \$6.75
each
Postage Extra

Young Men's
Uniforms

Young Men's Caps

Maple Leaf Pins
Life-Saving Scout
and Guard Uniforms
Collar Braid

UNIFORM DRESSES.



Material that will give good satisfaction. Self-measurement chart and samples will be gladly sent to you upon request.

\$15.00 \$19.00 \$22.00

PRIVATE PINS
FOR
CORPS CADETS

Red cloth badges for Higher Grade
and blue for Lower Grade each 25c.



BONNETS.

Blocked and retrimmed
at moderate cost.
Save money by having
the work done now.

HATS.

Velour \$5.75 Felt \$4.50



SALVATION NEWS FLASHES

A stirring in the Young People's Corps is reported at Ingersoll, where eleven came to the Mercy-seat recently.

Commandant Galway, the new Divisional Young People's Secretary at Hamilton, together with Mrs. Galway, was welcomed to Hamilton III recently. Mrs. Galway dedicated the daughter of Brother and Sister Meredith in the afternoon. In the evening a man and wife sought Salvation.

Brigadier and Mrs. Bristow recently visited Tweed, and on Sunday nine found the Saviour. Hallelujah!

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Saunders, Adjutant MacGillivray and a Brigade of Cadets conducted rousing meetings at Swansea on Sunday. The Colonel's messages were of great inspiration. The Christmas program was a success.

Guelph was visited recently by Brigadier and Mrs. Macdonald. The meetings were well attended. A dedication was conducted in the afternoon.

Distribution of Christmas cheer baskets by The Army at Little Current was made possible through the generosity of local business men. The Corps' Christmas program, at which Major Owen presided, was a decided success.

The Sunday services at Windsor IV were conducted by Adjutant Stevenson. There were a number of newcomers in the Hall.

In the Christmas program at Belleville the Young People of the Company meeting were assisted by the Life-Saving Scouts. This splendid program was also presented at the branch Hall. Ensign Howlett was chairman on each occasion.

"On Sunday evening," reports T.D., of St. Stephen, "two seekers came to the Mercy-seat. In the Tuesday evening Soldiers' meeting, two made fresh consecrations. We have welcomed Sister Milton, who is visiting us, from Fredericton."

R. F. A. reports that on Saturday night at Georgetown the Salvation Singers put on a program in the Town Hall. On Sunday one man sought the Prince of Peace.

A successful Home League Sale was held at Digby. There was one seeker, a backslider, on Christmas Sunday.

ARMY MINISTRATIONS OF MERCY IN MONTREAL

(Continued from page 3)

usually mild month, seventy overcoats were given away during the last three weeks. Over half a hundred pairs of rubbers and shoes were handed out in the same time. Hundreds—we might safely say thousands—of loaves of bread, most of it donated by good-hearted Montrealers, are given away weekly, too. Mother, finding the cupboard empty and no pennies in the cup on the sideboard, hies off to The Army, well knowing that, if there's any food there at all, she'll be supplied. Or else she sends little Marie around, or Leo.

A Hostel is maintained by The Army at 926 St. Alexander Street, under the capable and sympathetic direction of Brigadier Knight. Here sleeping accommodation is given to 200 men each night for a nominal sum—though the penniless are never turned away so long as there is available space within the building. Cheap, but substantial meals, are provided. At noon-time there is a period for free-meal distribution during the Winter months, which materially aids out-of-works seeking employment in the downtown area, as well as the needy of that district.

Manifold Operations

During the past few weeks 1,191 free beds were supplied and 8,733 men paid a small sum for a night's rest. The number of meals provided in that time was 8,093, and about 5,000 free meals were given away in addition.

An employment bureau is in operation on this building, proving of untold benefit to those who are aware of its existence, and every effort is made to secure temporary jobs for the applicants, thus tiding them over until they secure steady employment.

A large amount of relief is also carried on in Montreal, under the auspices of Lieut.-Colonel Burrows, the Divisional Commander, with office at 1225 University Street. On Christmas day, for example, food was provided from this centre for over 1,600 people. Most of this was made pos-

NEWFOUNDLAND NEWS

SUB-TERRITORIAL COMMANDER — LT.-COL. J. S. BLADIN SPRINGDALE ST., ST. JOHN'S

CHRIST UPLIFTED

Inspiring Christmas Services at St. John's

THE slippery streets made it quite difficult to reach St. John's II Citadel on Sunday, but in spite of this good crowds were present at the different services conducted by our Sub-Territorial Leaders.

In the Holiness meeting the singing of "Jesus, the very thought of Thee" was a source of inspiration to all present, while the story of the Saviour's birth, brought vividly to mind by the Christmas carol "Hark, the herald angels sing," thrilled all hearts. Mrs. Bladin, who gave the address, spoke of "The Chimes of Christmas," dealing with the three notes of the first Christmas chime—"Glory to God in the highest," over the plains of Bethlehem.

In the afternoon the Colonel visited the Company meeting, capturing the hearts of his listeners with the story of John Coleridge Patterson's nobleness and courage. In the Senior hall a good Testimony meeting was held, the Colonel closing with a helpful address.

"The Name of Jesus," was the theme kept to the front at night. The Colonel delivered a forceful and convincing address and during the Prayer-meeting three souls found the Saviour. The day finished with a happy testimony meeting.

AT "THE ANCHORAGE"

Informative and Interesting Lantern Lecture

"CHARMING CEYLON, the Pearl of the Orient," was the attractive title of an interesting lantern lecture given by the Sub-Territorial Commander a few nights ago at "The Anchorage" in St. John's, the proceeds being in aid of a fund for the purchase of a piano for the Institution.

One and all were delighted, the interest of the audience being enhanced by the fact that many of the pictures were taken by the Colonel himself while in that island. The program was full of educational value, whilst the stories of reclamation were of thrilling interest. The habits, customs and religions of the people, as well as the great variety of work done by The Army in cities, villages and institutions were all touched upon. One gentleman was so much impressed that at the close he handed the Colonel an additional ten dollar bill.

The lecture was interspersed with inspiring missionary songs, and Cingalese choruses, sung by the Colonel.

Major Pitcher, the General Secretary, presided over the lecture.

MARCHING ALONG

LITTLE BAY ISLANDS (Captain Barter, Lieutenant Brown) — Our Corps is by no means a back number, although there has been no report from us for such a long time. We are marching along. The Christmas Demonstration, held in the Orange Hall, was a decided success. Mr. J. A. Strong, M.H.A., acted as chairman.

Each item on the program was worthy of note, but special mention should be made of the pageant, "Father Time's Jubilee," which was rendered in a most efficient manner. The Senior Company, comprised of twelve young women, is to be congratulated on making the program such a splendid success.

CAME OUT ARM-IN-ARM

DEER LAKE (Commandant Oake, Captain Oakley) — Sunday was a God-glorifying day. Although our Officers were away, storming the forts at Howley, and the weather somewhat against us, we rejoiced over a great victory. There was shouting and dancing, weeping and praying all over the building, and ten souls made the glad surrender. The comrades worked with a will. At midnight we finished up with praises to God. Two men came out together arm-in-arm and God wonderfully saved them. Glory to God in the highest!—H. Dicks, C.S.-M.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

BROTHER N. MULLETT,
Gambo

Death has visited the home of Brother and Sister Mullett and taken from them their son, aged 27, who had been an invalid for many years. He always had a bright experience. When visited by the Officer and other comrades, he assured them that all was well. He will be greatly missed.

The Funeral service was conducted by Adjutant and Mrs. Ryan, quite a number of people gathering. At the graveside Mrs. Ryan soloed, "Sleep on beloved, take thy rest."

At the Memorial service a number of comrades paid tribute to the memory of our departed Brother. Our sympathy is with the bereaved.

CANADA EAST SAYS,
"COME RIGHT IN"

(Continued from page 6)

had always found her prime joy in life in seeking the lost and leading them to the Good Shepherd. She was looking forward with renewed expectation to the prospect of continuing this God-given task in the new Field offered by Canadian conditions.

Rousing, indeed, was the greeting which hailed the Colonel's rising, and happy to a high degree, was the way in which he won his spurs with his first Canadian audience in public. He is a good story-teller, and the stories he told were good. He gives a ringing testimony, he carries conviction. That all grades of Salvation forces in Canada East will find a willing helper and a devoted and understanding comrade in the new Chief Secretary is our convinced prognostication. May it be so!

SALVATION NEWS BY AIR
Fifteen Seekers in Rousing Campaign, Led by Colonel Morehen

Colonel Morehen recently conducted a Ten Days' Campaign here. His messages were full of power and inspiration. Besides conducting the services at night the Colonel visited the Hospital, and also a number of people who were ill in their homes.

The final week-end Staff-Captain Riches was with us and assisted the Colonel. Sunday night, after a strenuous day, ten sought the Saviour. On Monday in the final meeting of the campaign, three more found Salvation. There were fifteen captures in the campaign.—C.L.

GLORIOUSLY SAVED
"Regions Beyond" Captures

WALLACEBURG (Captain and Mrs. Matthews)—On Sunday the Seven Days' Campaign began, conducted by Envoy Hewitt and Brother Geauveau of Windsor. It was a real day of blessing. We praise God for a break in Satan's ranks. There were fourteen seekers for the day.

On Monday a woman came to the Quarters, weary and tired, and in need of assistance. Thank God we were able to help her spiritually, too. She was gloriously converted.

IN FULL SWING

RIVERDALE (Adjutant and Mrs. Falle)—We have been experiencing wonderful times at Riverdale, both in Senior and Young People's Corps. Seekers are coming to the Cross. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Bunton had charge of the last Sunday night service.

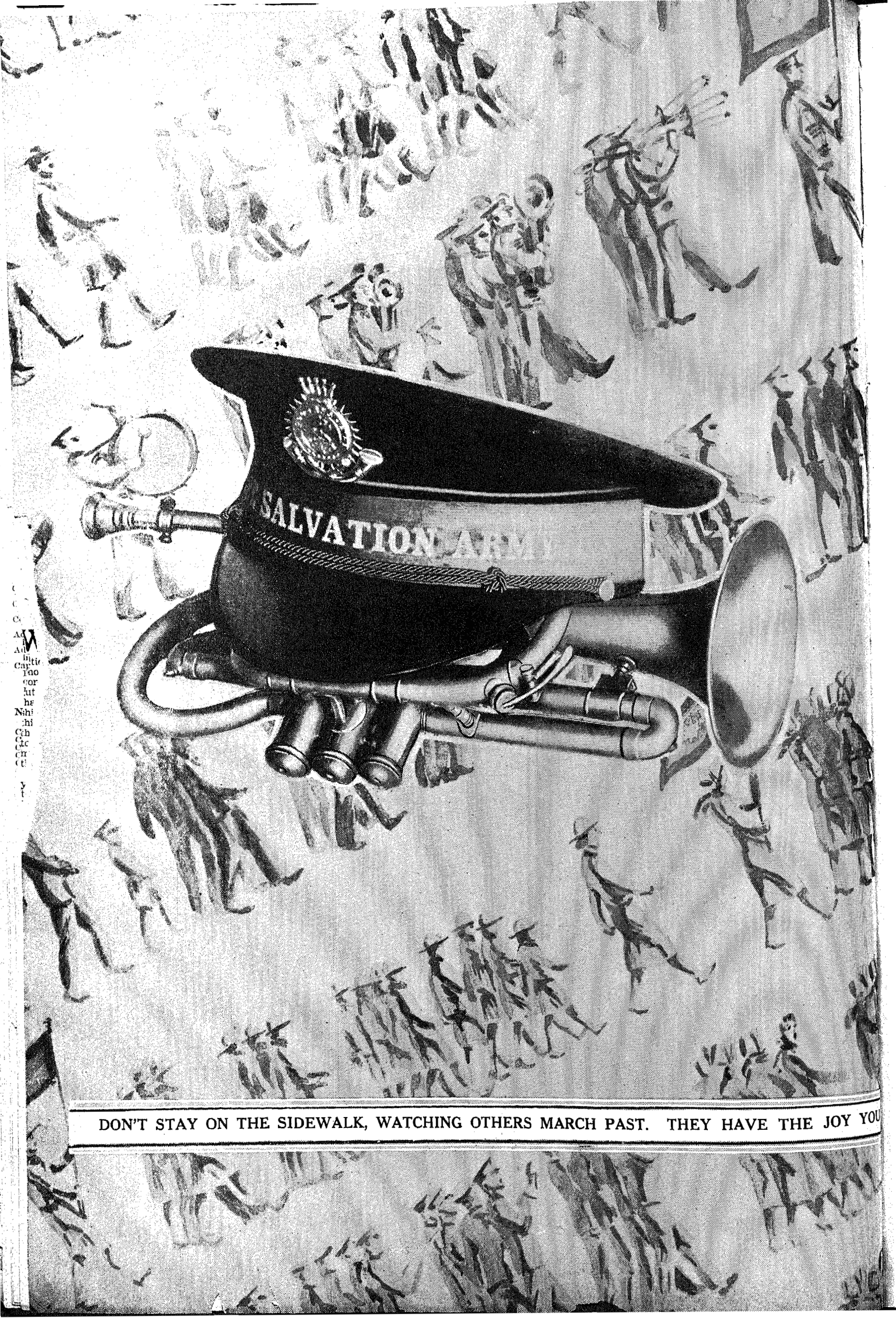
The "Regions Beyond" Campaign is in full swing, with Lieut.-Commissioner Hoe in charge.—E.W.F.

A RINGING TESTIMONY

GALT (Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmins)—Our "Regions Beyond" Campaign got away to a good start. We praise God for six seekers in Sunday night meeting, a man and wife, and four lads. A man who could not attend subsequent meetings was there on Sunday and gave ringing testimony.—D. Durant.

WORK FOR UNEMPLOY
Can You Offer a Man An
Job?

If you have an odd job to do, man, no matter what it is—b. carpets, polishing a floor, cho. wood, cleaning windows, or not, phone to The Army's I Bureau, where men are waiting expectantly for work. In Toronto phone number is Trinity 1 Windsor. Seneca 4039; in N. Lancaster 3188; in Ottawa, 399; in St. John, Main 1661; in Ilton, Regent 3689; in H. ville, 2549; in Quebec, 2-



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DON'T STAY ON THE SIDEWALK, WATCHING OTHERS MARCH PAST. THEY HAVE THE JOY YOU